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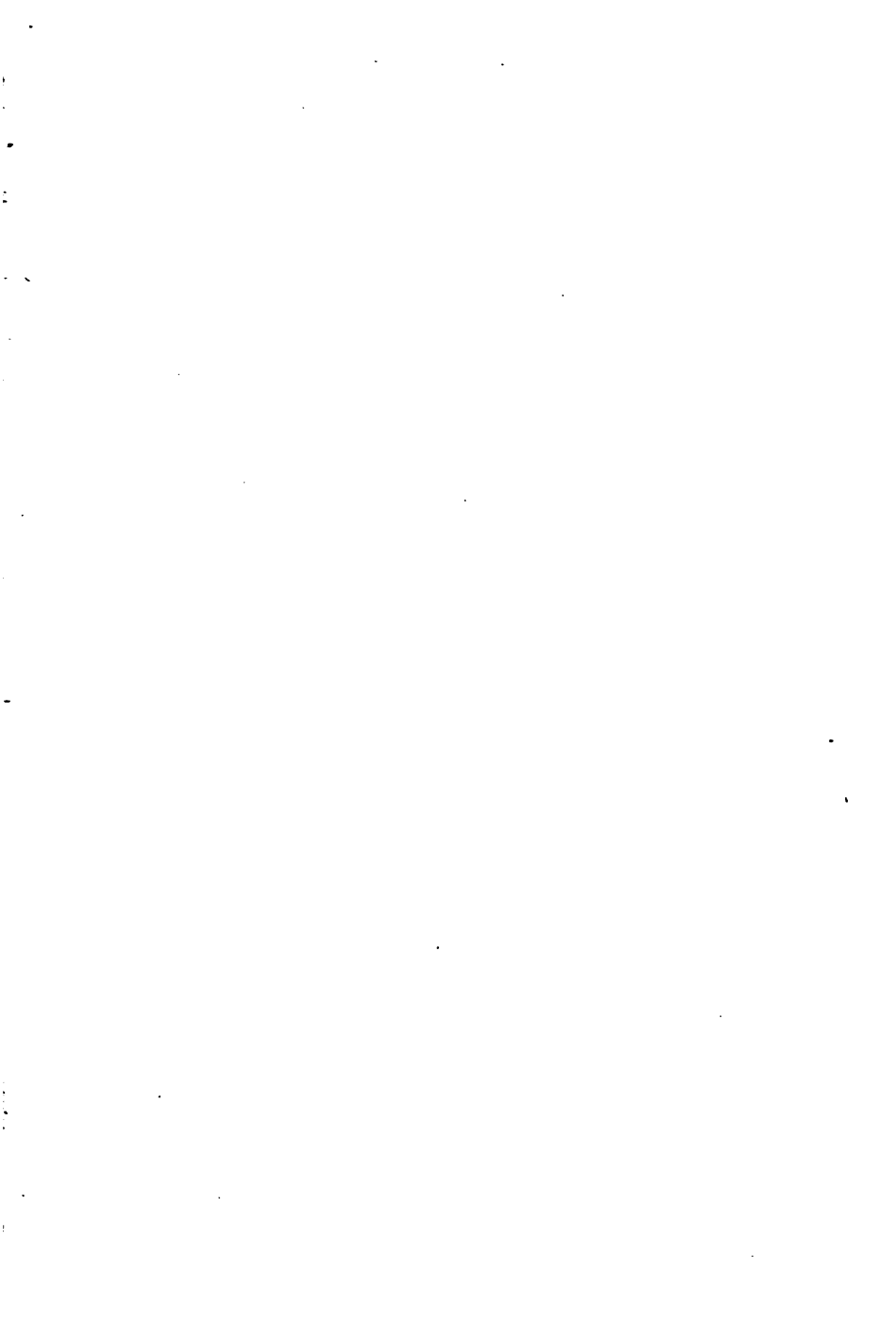
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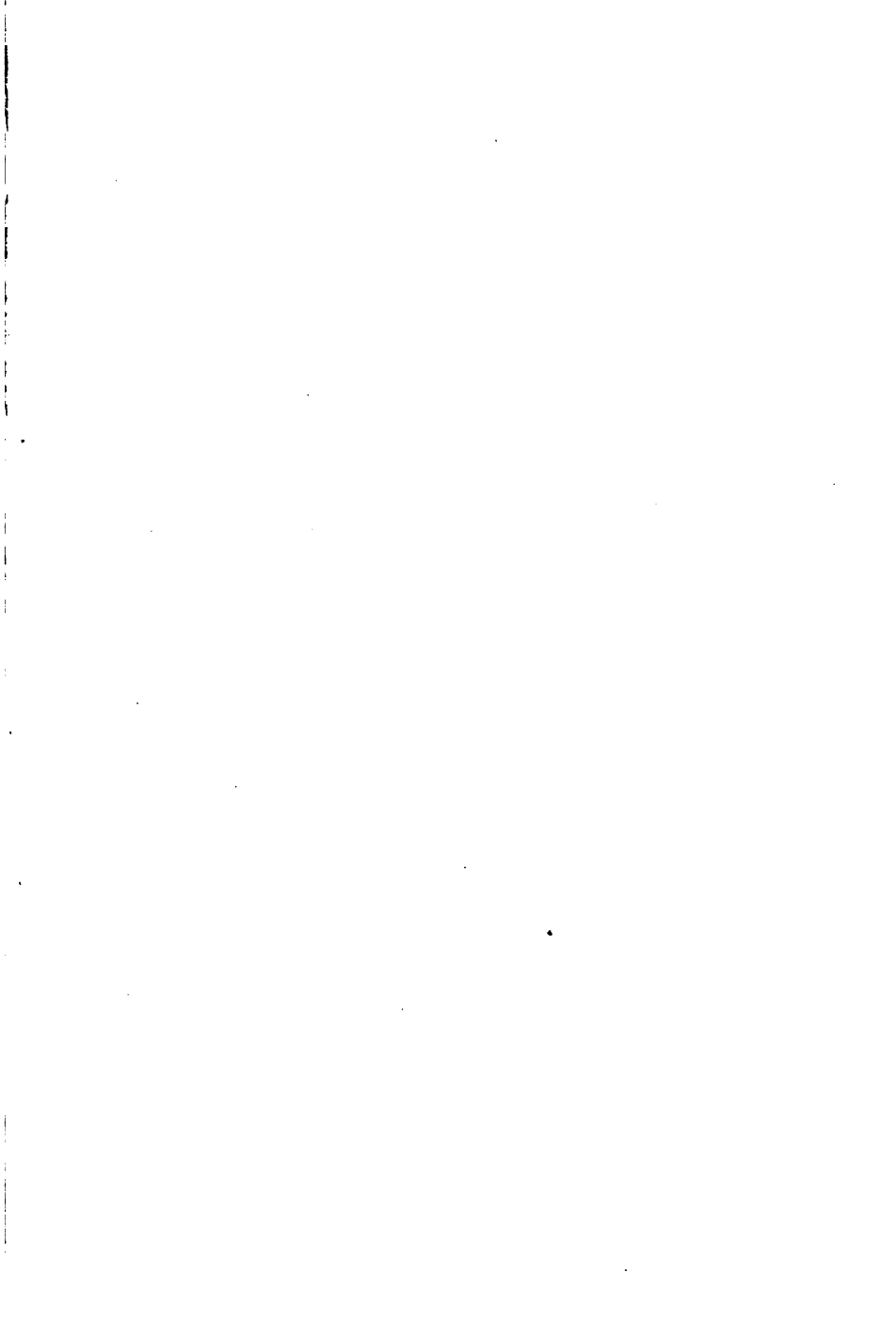


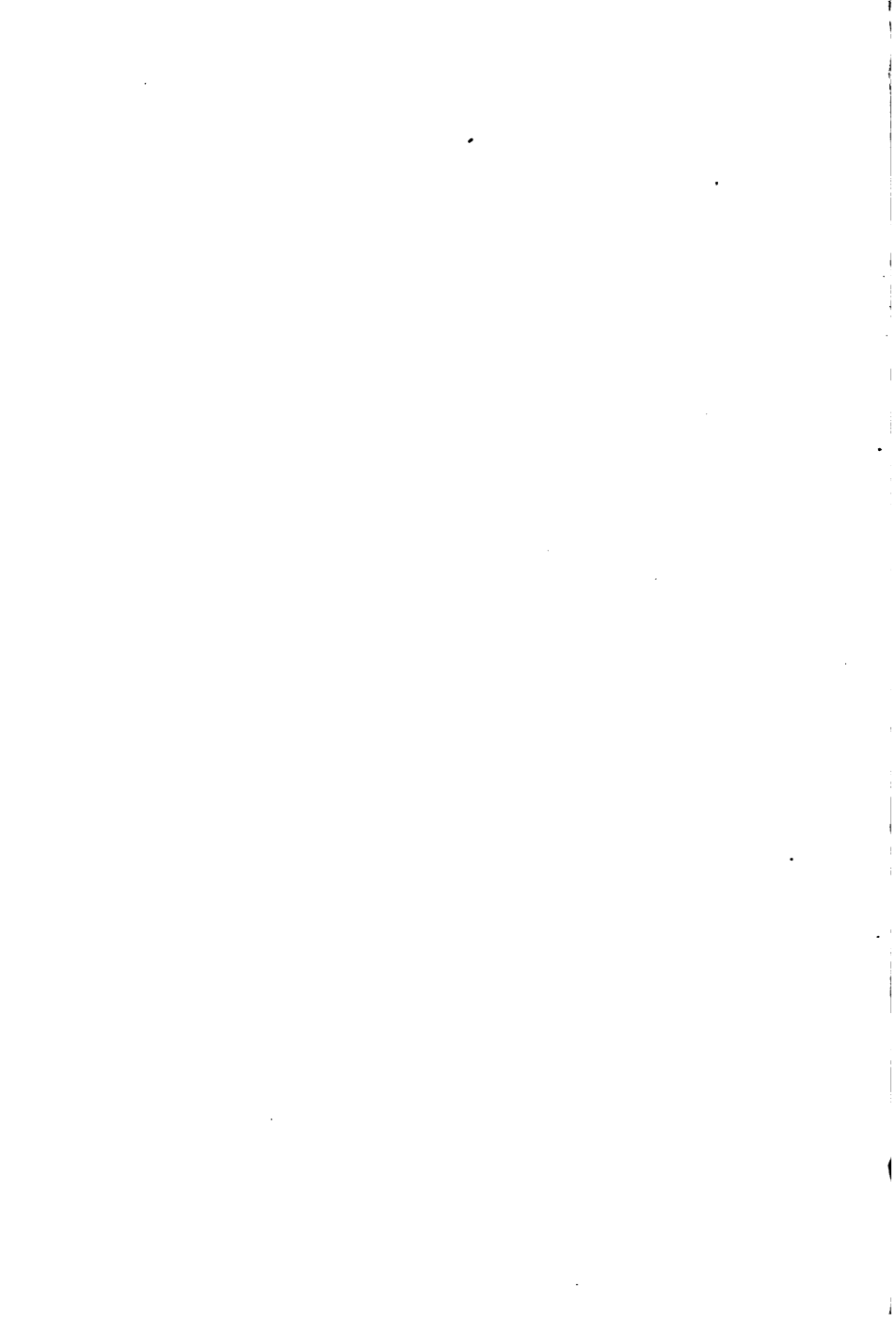


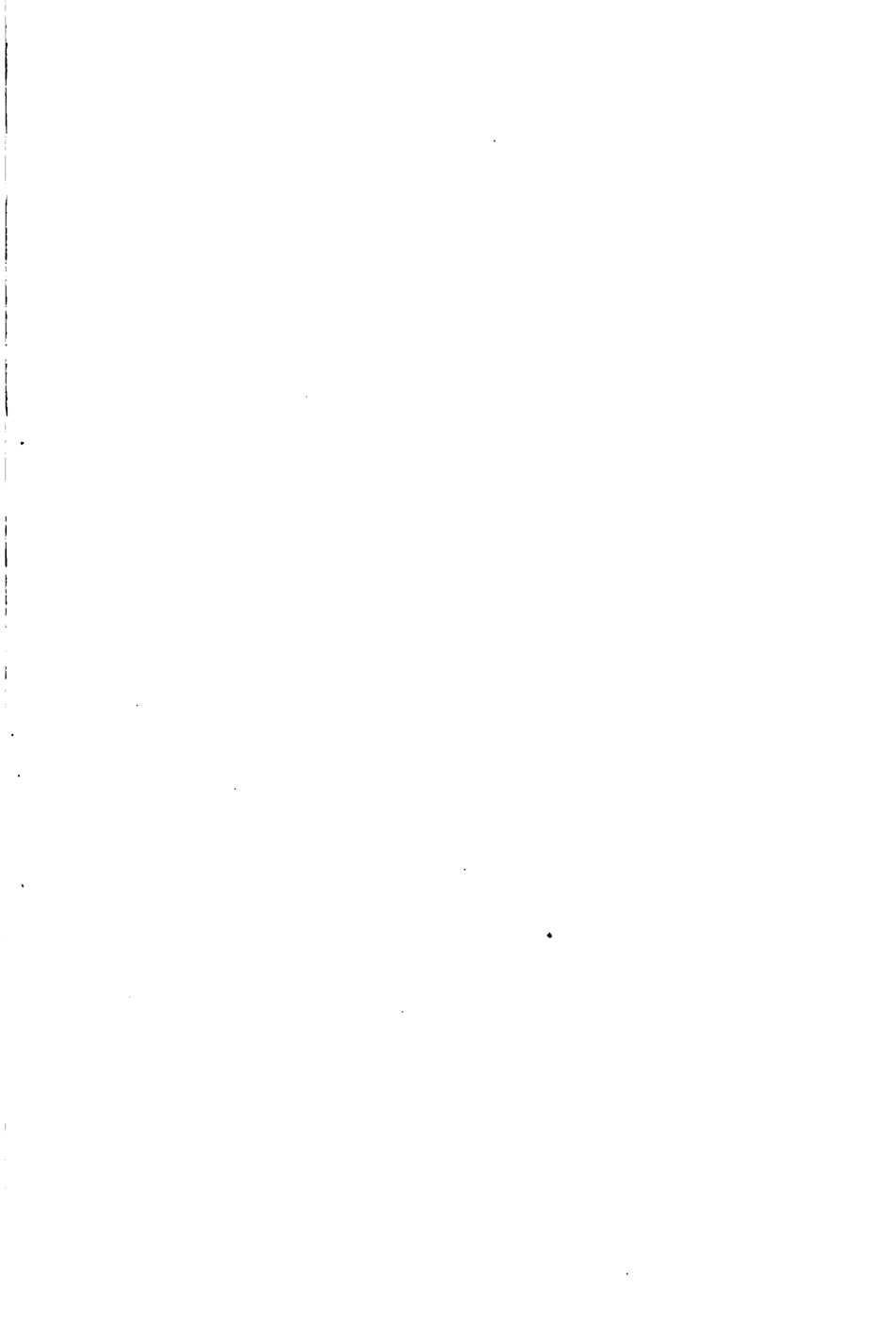


THE POEMS OF
JAMES HOGG











James Hogg.



©

THE POEMS OF JAMES HOGG

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD

SELECTED AND EDITED WITH

AN INTRODUCTION

BY

WILLIAM WALLACE, LL.D.



LONDON
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Shakespeare

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Frontispiece—JAMES HOGG : From a Drawing in Water-Colours
by S. P. Denning, in the National Portrait Gallery. Walker
and Cockerell, photo., 15 Clifford's Inn, London, W.C.

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INTRODUCTION

THE personality of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, is one of the most likable in Scottish literature ; and that may be said even more truly of the Hogg of history than of the Hogg of fantasy, to use Professor Ferrier's phrase, who is enshrined in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." These are two quite distinct personalities, for the real Hogg was not voluble in conversation, but could only emit an occasional quaint or poetical flash ; he was convivial, but not a gourmand ; he was simply an untaught shepherd, endowed with poetical genius, the proper issue of a race of pious, unaffected, superstitious country folk, a noble specimen in physique and *moral* of the peasantry of Scotland, capable of bearing adversity with indomitable cheerfulness, a true singer, and unequalled in any literature, at least in the poetic realisation of fairyland. The word Border poetry calls up inevitably in the mind not only the ballads collected and imitated by Scott—who, by the way, drew from the memory's store of, among others, Hogg's mother—not only Lady Grisell Baillie, Jane Elliot of Minto, and Mrs. Cockburn ; but preeminently James Hogg, who was the first to be consciously inspired by

the characteristic Border scenery of round green hills, lonely glens, and clear rushing streams, who made Yarrow, Ettrick and St. Mary's Loch into poetical symbols, and has drawn to the country innumerable pilgrims of sentiment from Wordsworth down.

Hogg was born at the end of 1770, in a cottage on the bank of the Ettrick, Selkirkshire; the exact date of his birth is uncertain. The name Hogg is a corruption of the Scandinavian Haig, still preserved by the ancient family of Bemersyde. His father, Robert, was descended from a line of Border shepherds, and, like his son after him, saved money enough to stock a sheep farm, only to involve himself in difficulties and descend to his original rank a few years after James's birth, when the poet's short school life of some six months in all came to an end.

At seven Hogg was a cowherd barely knowing how to write, and able with pains only to read the Bible; but doubtless well stocked with the ballads and legendary lore of Ettrick Forest (Selkirkshire), of which his mother was a repository. In the naive and self-complacent "Memoirs of the Author's Life," he retails the recollections of his hard life with a wealth of detail; how, though it would "scarcely be believed," he loved a rosy-cheeked maiden at eight, served a dozen masters before he was fifteen, and never served one without getting a verbal recommendation to the next, "especially for my inoffensive behaviour"; how he remembered "being particularly bare of shirts"; how he bought a violin when he was fourteen, and learned the Psalms of David by heart. His youth, receptive as it must have been to the influence of his environment, was plainly uninfluenced by literature in any shape save only Routh. He con-

fesses that he read "The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace" and "The Gentle Shepherd" in his eighteenth year without emotion or appreciation. But the farmer of Blackhouse (father of his and Scott's friend, William Laidlaw), whom the poet served for ten years from 1790, had a library, and on the hillside the shepherd read Milton, Pope and Thomson. His mind was stirred, and at last he began to write; but not till an incentive came from a more fortunate quarter.

A half-witted fellow met him on the hill one day, and repeated to him the whole of "Tam o' Shanter." Burns had just died. Hogg had never heard of him, and when the "natural" related the story of the farmer poet and singer, the shepherd's emulation was moved, and so his first painful essays in composition were lyric. Professor Veitch, himself a Border poet, has told once for all the genesis of Hogg's verse-making:—

"I like to picture Hogg at this period, as he herded on the Hawkshaw Rig, up the Douglas burn—a dark heathery slope of the Blackhouse Heights, which divide the Blackhope Burn from the other main feeders of the Douglas. There, on a summer day, during these ten years, you would find on the hill a ruddy-faced youth, of middle height, of finely symmetrical and agile form, with beaming light blue eyes, and a profusion of light brown hair that fell over his shoulders, long, fair, and lissome as a woman's. Now it was here in those long summer days, that extend from morn to gloamin', and amid similar scenes in Ettrick and in Yarrow, that this simple, untaught, yet impassioned shepherd lad, with his heart full of the lore his mother and grey-haired men had taught him,

developed the peculiar cast of his poetic genius. It was thus he learned to love simple, free, solitary nature so intensely ; it was thus that his heart soared with and yearned after the 'Skylark' of a morning, and swelled into lyric passion of an evening, 'When the Kye comes Hame' ; it was thus he learned to conceive those exquisite visions of Fairy and Fairyland which he has embodied in 'Kilmeny,' to feel and express the power of the awful and weird in a way such as almost no modern poet has expressed them, as in 'The Fate of Macgregor,' 'The Abbot M'Kinnon,' 'The Witch of Fife,' and others—to revel, in a word, in a remote, ideal, supersensible, yet most ethereal beauty and grandeur, which has a spell we do not seek to analyse."

Hogg's songs were written to be sung by the farm girls, and quickly became part of the currency of the musical over a wide district. The first to attain the dignity of print was "Donald M'Donald," written in 1800 in defiance of French invasion. It was at once popular, but Hogg complained that "no one ever knew or inquired who was the author." About this time Scott found him out, and encouraged him to persevere. In 1801 he published a still-born volume of "Scottish Pastorals," but he had to suffer his first serious reverse of fortune before he commenced publishing in earnest. With £200 he had saved he took in 1804 a lease of a Hebridean sheep farm ; the speculation failed in the inception, and penniless he betook himself to shepherd-ing in Nithsdale.

When the first volume of Scott's "Minstrelsy" appeared, Hogg thought to rival his friend's performance, and with that friend's countenance Constable

brought out for him "The Mountain Bard," a small collection of original ballads, mostly of poor quality and little promise. By this book, however, and an essay, "The Shepherd's Guide," generally called "Hogg on Sheep," he made £300, and straightway started farming again. He began on too large a scale, and once more his purse was emptied. This second failure turned his country-folk against him; no one would hire him again as a shepherd, and in February 1810, he went to Edinburgh, and set about making a living by his pen.

It was a hard struggle, but Grieve, a native of the Forest, in business in the capital, gave him a home. He wrote hard; bundled all the songs he had by him into "The Forest Minstrel," which did not pay, although the Countess of Dalkeith gave him 100 guineas for the dedication; started a weekly journal, "The Spy," the greater part of which, prose and verse, he contributed himself, and which died within a year; and dallied with the drama;—in vain. He made many friends, and retained, in spite of his querulous vanity, the affection of Scott, who tried hard to get him a permanent post of some kind; and the hard-headed shepherd never lost his head in an ultra-convivial society, though the jollities of a mad Right and Wrong Club cost him a dangerous illness.

After three years of unprofitable labour and scheming, journalising and quarrelling with publishers, he made a hit in 1813—and it was a great hit—with "The Queen's Wake," which forms the bulk of this volume. But though it won fame for him it brought him little cash, his publisher having failed just after the issue of the third edition. Profit, however, came in

other ways. In Principal Shairp's words, the book "secured for him the acquaintance of Wilson, Lockhart, Southey, Wordsworth, even Byron—made him in fact free of that great poetic brotherhood which then illumined England." Byron commended the work to John Murray, who became Hogg's London publisher and his friend. To relieve his pressing necessity the poet again appealed to the Duchess of Buccleuch (the Countess of Dalkeith, to whom the "Forest Minstrel" was dedicated), and at her behest, after her death in the following year, 1814, the Duke gave him at a nominal rent the small farm of Altrive Lake on the Yarrow. Having no capital, he conceived the idea of getting some by a book of poems contributed by his distinguished friends; but Scott declining on the characteristic plea that "every herring should hing by its ain heid," Hogg parodied him, Wordsworth, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Wilson and himself in "The Poetic Mirror." He published also two volumes of dramatic tales, which were unsuccessful, and Scott, Blackwood and others helped him to bring out an illustrated edition of "The Queen's Wake."

For the rest of his life Hogg was a farmer-littérateur who, while fully conscious of the considerable place he had won in the world of letters, was spurred to write mainly by the necessity of making good by his pen his losses on cattle and sheep. Here is a catalogue of his later works: 1815, "The Pilgrims of the Sun"; 1816, "Mador of the Moor"; 1817, "The Brownie of Bodsbeck" (a prose tale of the Covenanting persecution); 1819-20, "Jacobite Relics of Scotland" (two volumes of verse collected by him in numerous journeys to the Highlands, together with some of his own best lyrics on

Highland and "Prince Charlie" themes); 1820, "Winter Evening Tales" (prose); 1822, "The Three Perils of Man" (prose tales); 1823, "The Three Perils of Woman" (ditto); 1824, "Confessions of a Fanatic" (ditto); 1826, "Queen Hynde" (epic poem); 1829, "The Shepherd's Calendar" (a collection of articles contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine"); 1834, "Lay Sermons," "The Domestic Manners and Public Life of Sir Walter Scott," and the first of a series of "Montrose Tales."

All the while he kept up his connection with Edinburgh. Robert Chambers has told of the rude conviviality which his visits provoked in a circle that loved and admired him. "Maga," Lockhart and Wilson used and abused him; it was to the seventh number of the magazine that he contributed the famous "Chaldee Manuscript" (not all his, of course) which can only be mentioned here. He was a hospitable host to his neighbours and to the crowds of pilgrims who made Altrive almost as sacred a shrine as Abbotsford. Wordsworth visited him in 1814, and he repaid the visit at Rydal. The relationship with Scott was never broken. To his neighbours he was a "kind-hearted chield" who "gied himsel' nae airs." Had he been content to farm Altrive he might have had leisure to produce better work; but when he married in 1820 Margaret Phillips, an Annandale woman, slightly above him in social standing, he took on also at a high rent the farm of Mount Benger on the opposite bank of the Yarrow, and lost £2000 before his seven years' lease was out.

In 1832 he visited London and was fêted by the literary world—Carlyle says he talked and behaved like

a "gomeril" (donkey), and wore a plaid at the suggestion of his publisher for the time, who straightway failed, after the manner of Hogg's publishers. He died at Altrive of a liver complaint on November 21, 1835.

It is impossible to deny Hogg genius. All that may be legitimately said in depreciation of the mass of rubbish and commonplace which he produced merely throws into stronger relief the perfection of his achievement in "Kilmeny" and "The Skylark." His "Mador of the Moor" and "Queen Hynde" are poor enough journeyman's manufacture. For his form and measures he went frankly enough to school to Scott and Bishop Percy. His vocabulary is not rich, and close as he comes to the heart of nature in descriptive poetry, his fidelity to epithets such as "brown mountain," which he has conventionalised, is irritating. He prided himself on his knowledge of the Scottish language, but was not in reality an expert, and sinned as deeply as Chatterton in the use of the sham antique. Yet all his work that deserves to be remembered is original in every sense of the word; much of it is in a class by itself, and a high class at that. He was inordinately vain, yet his apostrophe to Scott is not altogether ludicrous—"Ye can never suppose that I belong to your school of chivalry. Ye are the king o' that school, but I'm king o' the mountain and fairy school, which is a far higher ane nor yours." It is true, as Shairp put it, that "no other poet in our language has ever described fairy-land so well, or embodied the whole underworld of ghosts, spectres, wraiths, brownies, water-kelpies, with such an eerie thrilling sense of reality." Among painters of nature, too, despite the tendency to stereotyped epithet noticed before, Hogg

occupies a high place. He was veritably inspired by the mountain and the moor,

“ The glowing suns of spring,
The genial shower and stealing dew,”

the “lea” starred with “snowy gems.” He had

“ Viewed the Ettrick waving clear,
When shadowy flocks of purest snow
Seemed grazing in a world below ;”

and wrote of sun and storm, green hills and wild birds, not so much for the purpose of painting a definite background for action, as because he had to find a vent for the emotions which Nature roused in him. His skill in the portrayal of action was indeed variable ; compare the success of “The Witch of Fife,” in which interest is divided between the action and the environment of nature and demonology, with the comparative failure of “Earl Walter,” a ballad of action pure and simple. They were healthy thoughts that came to him in the ten years of his making on the Douglas Burn. The skylark was an “emblem of happiness.” “The sheeted flame and sounding rain,” “heaven’s own breast and mountain torn” by the thunder, were to him “nature’s *grand* turmoil.” There is not a trace of the morbid in his poetry. Like Kilmeny herself his handling of the world of romance, of Border violence, witchcraft and fairy, is “pure as pure could be.” Hogg had no conception of what is grandiloquently called “architectonic” in literature. He failed to write even a passable long poem, for even “The Queen’s Wake” is saved by part of its contents only ; he invented no new form

of verse, and attained no particular skill in the heroic couplet which Scott's example lured him to essay. But his best ballads are almost of the first class, though most are utterly spoiled by verbiage and prolixity. His best songs are among the best of their class; in these he attained the perfection of form as by instinct. It is no more a disparagement of him to say that he imitated his predecessors and contemporaries than to say of Burns that he imitated Fergusson. His success in "The Poetic Mirror" suggests that, with a finer appreciation of form in literature, he might have gone far in departments into which he did not seek to enter. Considering his origin and his native habit of mind, the restraint of his humour is remarkable.

As to his personality it only requires to be added that if his alleged rudeness is worth discussion, Professor Ferrier has probably come nearest the mark in this appreciation:—

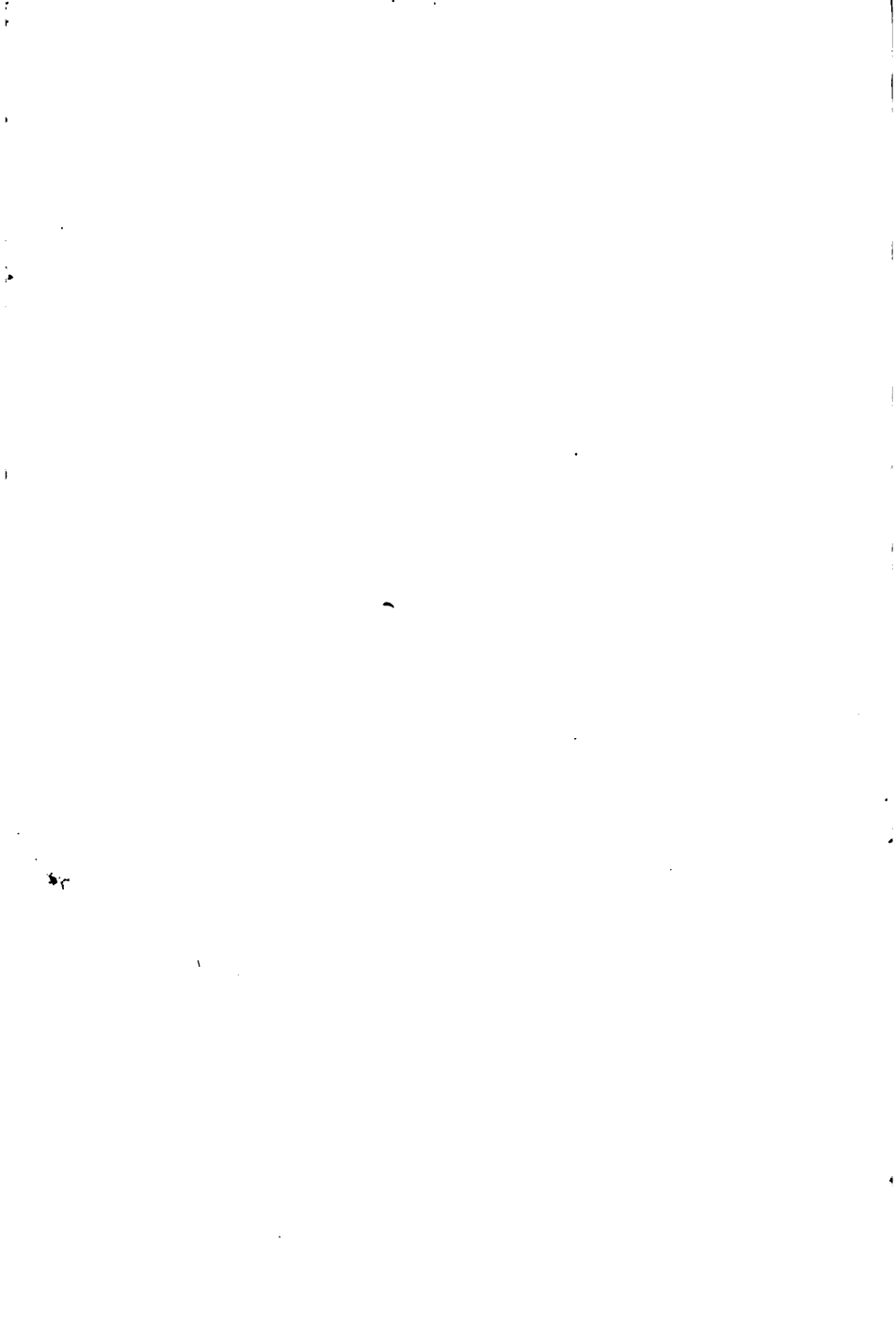
"There was a hearty homeliness of manner about Hogg and a Doric simplicity of address, which were exceedingly prepossessing. He sometimes carried a little too far the privileges of an innocent rusticity . . . but in general his slight deviations from etiquette were rather amusing than otherwise."

We can still laugh at the story of Hogg's first visit to the Scotts when, finding Mrs. Scott extended upon one sofa, he stretched his brawny limbs upon another; and in his address to his host and hostess progressed in the course of the evening from "Mr. Scott" through "Shirra" (sheriff) to "Walter" and "Wattie," and from "Mrs. Scott" to "Charlotte." But it seems ludicrous to the present generation that any one should have been deeply offended by his "Domestic Manners, &c.," or

that Lockhart in his turn could have been charged with malignity for his references to Hogg in the "Life." And one cannot wish that he had been modester, since his vanity enriched literature with the story of his resentment of the fancied slight he suffered at Wordsworth's hands at Rydal.

In this volume an attempt has been made to confine selection to what of Hogg's work deserves to survive. Only "The Queen's Wake" has been printed entire, although a considerable proportion of it is as second-rate as "Mador of the Moor" and Hogg's other ambitious essays, which are as dead as "Thalaba." His prose scarcely falls to be noticed here ; but it may be said that he derived his inspiration in this medium also from Scott, and that, working upon ample materials, historical, adventurous, tragic, magical, he combined great fluency with supreme weakness in construction. His "Confessions of a Fanatic," which has been erroneously ascribed to other hands, is, however, perfect in its way, and shows what Hogg could have done had he but taken pains to master the art which Scott himself had to learn. But art was to Hogg, as readers of "The Queen's Wake" will see, something to be eschewed as inimical to inspiration.

WILLIAM WALLACE.



THE QUEEN'S WAKE*

INTRODUCTION

Now, burst, ye Winter clouds that
 lower,
Fling from your folds the piercing
 shower;
Sing to the tower and leafless tree,
Ye cold winds of adversity;
Your blights, your chilling influence
 shed
On wareless heart, and houseless head. *unloved*
Your ruth or fury I disdain,
I've found my Mountain Lyre again.

* In former days the term Wake was only used to distinguish the festive meeting which took place on the evening previous to the dedication of any particular church or chapel. The company sat up all the night, and in England amused themselves in various ways, as their inclinations were by habit or study directed. In Scotland, however, which was always the land of music and song, music and song were the principal, often the only amusements of the Wake.—*Hogg*. The scene of the "Queen's Wake" is laid in Edinburgh in the year 1561, and the Queen is, of course, Mary Queen of Scots. The metrical tales which compose the poem are localised in many different parts of Scotland—the Borders, Perthshire, Aberdeenshire, Galloway, &c., and in every instance the poet shows familiarity and accurate acquaintance with the topography of the locality. It will be observed at the close that the order of merit fixed by the auditors of the bards who compete

Come to my heart, my only stay,
Companion of a happier day !
Thou gift of heaven, thou pledge of
good,
Harp of the mountain and the wood !
I little thought, when first I tried
Thy notes by lone Saint Mary's side,
When in a deep untrodden den,
I found thee in the bracken glen,
I little thought that idle toy
Should e'er become my only joy.

A maiden's youthful smiles had
wove
Around my heart the toils of love,
When first thy magic wires I rung,
And on the breeze thy numbers flung,
The fervid tear played in mine eye ;
I trembled, wept, and wondered why.
Sweet was the thrilling ecstasy :
I know not if 'twas love or thee.

Weened not my heart, when youth
had flown,
Friendship would fade or fortune
frown ;
When pleasure, love and mirth were
past,
That thou should'st prove my all at
last !

for Queen Mary's harp contains the name of neither the singer of "Kilmeny" nor the reciter of "The Witch of Fife," a curious illustration of Hogg's incapacity for self-criticism.

Jeered by conceit and lordly pride,
I flung my soothing harp aside ;
With wayward fortune strove a while,
Wrecked in a world of self and guile.
Again I sought the bracken hill,
Again sat musing by the rill ;
My wild sensations all were gone,
And only thou wert left alone.
Long hast thou in the moorland lain ;
Now welcome to my heart again !

The russet weed of mountain gray
No more shall round thy border play ;
No more the brake-flowers, o'er thee
 piled,
Shall mar thy tones and measure wild :
Harp of the Forest, thou shalt be
Fair as the bud on forest tree !
Sweet be thy strains as those that swell
In Ettrick's green and fairy dell ;
Soft as the breeze of falling even,
And purer than the dews of heaven.

Of minstrel honours, now no more,
Of bards who sang in days of yore,
Of gallant chiefs, in courtly guise,
Of ladies' smiles, of ladies' eyes,
Of royal feast and obsequies,
When Caledon, with look severe,
Saw Beauty's hand her sceptre bear—
By cliff and haunted wild I'll sing,
Responsive to thy dulcet string.

Scotland

When wanes the circling year away,
When scarcely smiles the doubtful
day,

Fair daughter of Dunedin, say, *Edinburgh*
Hast thou not heard, at midnight deep,
Soft music on thy slumbers creep ?
At such a time, if careless thrown
Thy slender form on couch of down,
Hast thou not felt, to nature true,
The tear steal from thine eye so blue ?
If then thy guiltless bosom strove
In blissful dreams of conscious love,
And even shrunk from proffer bland
Of lover's visionary hand,
On such ecstatic dream when brake
The music of the midnight Wake,
Hast thou not weened thyself on high,
List'ning to angels' melody,
'Scaped from a world of cares away,
To dream of love and bliss for aye ?

The dream dispelled, the music
gone,
Hast thou not, sighing, all alone,
Proffered thy vows to Heaven, and
then
Blest the sweet Wake, and slept
again ?

Then list, ye maidens, to my lay,
Though old the tale, and past the day ;
Those Wakes, now played by min-
strels poor,

At midnight's darkest, chilldest hour,
Those humble Wakes, now scorned
 by all,
Were first begun in courtly hall,
When royal Mary, blithe of mood,
Kept holiday at Holyrood.

Scotland, involved in factious broils,
Groaned deep beneath her woes and
 toils,
And looked o'er meadow, dale and lea,
For many a day her Queen to see ;
Hoping that then her woes would cease,
And all her valleys smile in peace.
The Spring was past, the Summer gone ;
Still vacant stood the Scottish throne :
But scarce had Autumn's mellow hand
Waved her rich banner o'er the land,
When rang the shouts, from tower and tree,
That Scotland's Queen was on the sea.
Swift spread the news o'er down and dale,
Swift as the lively Autumn gale ;
Away, away, it echoed still
O'er many a moor and Highland hill,
Till rang each glen and verdant plain,
From Cheviot to the northern main.

Each bard attuned the royal lay,
And for Dunedin hied away ;
Each harp was strung in woodland bower
In praise of beauty's bonniest flower.
The chiefs forsook their ladies fair,
The priest his beads and books of prayer

The farmer left his harvest day,
The shepherd all his flocks to stray ;
The forester forsook the wood,
And hasted on to Holyrood.

After a youth by woes o'ercast,
After a thousand sorrows past,
The lovely Mary once again
Set foot upon her native plain ;
Kneeled on the pier with modest grace,
And turned to heaven her beauteous face.
'Twas then the caps in air were blended,
A thousand thousand shouts ascended ;
Shivered the breeze around the throng,
Gray barrier cliffs the peals prolong,
And every tongue gave thanks to Heaven
That Mary to their hopes was given.

Her comely form and graceful mien
Bespoke the Lady and the Queen ;
The woes of one so fair and young
Moved every heart and every tongue.
Driven from her home, a helpless child,
To brave the winds and billows wild,
An exile bred in realms afar,
Amid commotion, broil, and war :
In one short year her hopes all crossed—
A parent, husband, kingdom lost !
And all ere eighteen years had shed
Their honours o'er her royal head.
For such a Queen, the Stuarts' heir,
A Queen so courteous, young and fair,

Who would not every foe defy ?
Who would not stand ? Who would not die ?

Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung,
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light and gracefully.
How sweet to see her ringlets pale
Wide waving in the southland gale,
Which through the broom-wood blossoms flew
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue !
Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,
What beauties in her form were seen !
And when her courser's mane it swung,
A thousand silver bells were rung.
A sight so fair, on Scottish plain,
A Scot shall never see again.

When Mary turned her wondering eyes
On rocks that seemed to prop the skies,
On palace, park, and battled pile,
On lake, on river, sea, and isle,
O'er woods and meadows bathed in dew,
To distant mountains wild and blue ;
She thought the isle that gave her birth
The sweetest, wildest land on earth.

Slowly she ambled on her way
Amid her lords and ladies gay.
Priest, abbot, layman, all were there,
And presbyter with look severe ;
There rode the lords of France and Spain,

Of England, Flanders, and Lorraine,
While serried thousands round them stood,
From shore of Leith to Holyrood.

Though Mary's heart was light as air
To find a home so wild and fair ;
To see a gathered nation by,
And rays of joy from every eye ;
Though frequent shouts the welkin broke,
Though courtiers bowed and ladies spoke,
An absent look they oft could trace
Deep settled on her comely face.
Was it the thought that all alone
She must support a rocking throne ?
That Caledonia's rugged land
Might scorn a Lady's weak command,
And the Red Lion's haughty eye
Scowl at a maiden's feet to lie ?

No ; 'twas the notes of Scottish song,
Soft pealing from the countless throng :
So mellowed came the distant swell
That on her ravished ear it fell
Like dew of heaven, at evening close,
On forest flower or woodland rose.
For Mary's heart, to Nature true,
The powers of song and music knew :
But all the choral measures bland
Of anthems sung in southern land
Appeared an useless pile of art,
Unfit to sway or melt the heart,
Compared with that which floated by—
Her simple native melody.

As she drew near the Abbey stile, *Holyrood*
She halted, reined, and bent the while :
She heard the Caledonian lyre
Pour forth its notes of Runic fire ;
But scarcely caught the ravished Queen
The minstrel's song that flowed between ;
Entranced upon the strain she hung ;
'Twas thus the gray-haired minstrel sung.

The Song

"O ! Lady dear, fair is thy noon,
But man is like the inconstant moon :
Last night she smiled o'er lawn and lea ;
That moon will change, and so will he.

"Thy time, dear Lady, 's a passing shower ;
Thy beauty is but a fading flower ;
Watch thy young bosom and maiden eye,
For the shower must fall, and the floweret die."

"What ails my Queen ?" said good Argyle,
"Why fades upon her cheek the smile ?
Say, rears your steed too fierce and high ?
Or sits your golden seat awry ?"

"Ah ! no, my Lord ! this noble steed,
Of Rouen's calm and generous breed,
Has borne me over hill and plain,
Swift as the dun-deer of the Seine.
But such a wild and simple lay,
Poured from the harp of minstrel gray,

My every sense away it stole,
And swayed awhile my raptured soul.
Oh ! say, my Lord (for you must know
What strains along your valleys flow,
And all the hoards of Highland lore),
Was ever song so sweet before ? ”

Replied the Earl, as round he flung—
“ Feeble the strain that minstrel sung !
My royal Dame, if once you heard
The Scottish lay from Highland bard,
Then might you say, in raptures meet,
No song was ever half so sweet !

“ It nerves the arm of warrior wight
To deeds of more than mortal might ;
’Twill make the maid, in all her charms,
Fall weeping in her lover’s arms ;
’Twill charm the mermaid from the deep,
Make mountain oaks to bend and weep,
Thrill every heart with horrors dire,
And shape the breeze to forms of fire.

“ When poured from greenwood bower at even,
’Twill draw the spirits down from heaven,
And all the fays that haunt the wood,
To dance around in frantic mood,
And tune their mimic harps so boon *ready*
Beneath the cliff and midnight moon.
Ah ! yes, my Queen ! if once you heard
The Scottish lay from Highland bard,
Then might you say, in raptures meet,
No song was ever half so sweet ! ”

Queen Mary lighted in the court,
Queen Mary joined the evening's sport ;
Yet, though at table all were seen
To wonder at her air and mien,
Though courtiers fawned and ladies sung,
Still in her ear the accents rung—
“ Watch thy young bosom and maiden eye,
For the shower must fall, and the floweret die.”
These words prophetic seemed to be
Foreboding woe and misery ;
And much she wished to prove, ere long,
The wondrous powers of Scottish song.

When next to ride the Queen was bound,
To view the city's ample round,
On high amid the gathered crowd
A herald thus proclaimed aloud :

“ Peace, peace to Scotland's wasted vales,
To her dark heaths and Highland dales ;
To her brave sons of warlike mood,
To all her daughters fair and good ;
Peace o'er her ruined vales shall pour,
Like beam of heaven behind the shower.
Let every harp and echo ring,
Let maidens smile and poets sing ;
For love and peace entwined shall sleep,
Calm as the moonbeam on the deep ;
By waving wood and wandering rill,
On purple heath and Highland hill.

“ The soul of warrior stern to charm,
And bigotry and and rage disarm,

Our Queen commands that every bard
Due honours have, and high regard.
If to his song of rolling fire
He joined the Caledonian lyre,
And skill in legendary lore,
Still higher shall his honours soar.
For all the arts beneath the heaven
That man has found, or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away
As music's melting mystic lay ;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love.

“ To cherish this attractive art,
To lull the passions, mend the heart,
And break the moping zealot's chains,
Hear what our lovely Queen ordains.

“ Each Caledonian bard must seek
Her courtly halls on Christmas week,
That then the Royal Wake may be
Cheered by their thrilling minstrelsy.
No ribaldry the Queen must hear,
No song unmeet for maiden's ear,
No jest, nor adulation bland,
But legends of our native land :
And he whom most the court regards,
High be his honours and rewards !
Let every Scottish bard give ear,
Let every Scottish bard appear ;
He then before the court must stand,
In native garb, with harp in hand.

At home no minstrel dare to tarry.
High the behest.—God save Queen Mary ! ”

Little recked they, that idle throng,
Of music's power or minstrel's song ;
But crowding their young Queen around,
Whose stately courser pawed the ground,
Her beauty more their wonder swayed
Than all the noisy herald said ;
Judging the proffer all in sport,
An idle whim of idle court.
But many a bard preferred his prayer,
For many a Scottish bard was there.
Quaked each fond heart with raptures strong,
Each thought upon his harp and song ;
And turning home without delay,
Conned his wild strain by mountain gray.

Each glen was sought for tales of old,
Of luckless love, of warrior bold,
Of ravished maid, or stolen child
By freakish fairy of the wild,
Of sheeted ghost that had revealed
Dark deeds of guilt, from man concealed ;
Of boding dreams, of wandering spright,
Of dead-lights glimmering through the night ;
Yea, every tale of ruth or weir *war*
Could waken pity, love, or fear,
Were decked anew, with anxious pain,
And sung to native airs again.

Alas ! those lays of fire once more
Are wrecked 'mid heaps of mouldering lore.

And feeble he who dares presume
That heavenly Wake-light to relume.
But, grieved the legendary lay
Should perish from our land for aye,
While sings the lark above the wold,
And all his flocks rest in the fold,
Fondly he strikes, beside the pen,
The harp of Yarrow's bracken glen.

December came ; his aspect stern
Glared deadly o'er the mountain cairn ; *stone-heap*
A polar sheet was round him flung,
And ice-spears at his girdle hung ;
O'er frigid field and drifted cone
He strode undaunted and alone ;
Or, throned amid the Grampians gray,
Kept thaws and suns of heaven at bay.

Not stern December's fierce control
Could quench the flame of minstrel's soul :
Little recked they, our bards of old,
Of Autumn's showers or Winter's cold.
Sound slept they on the nighted hill,
Lulled by the winds or babbling rill,
Curtained within the Winter cloud,
The heath their couch, the sky their shroud.
Yet theirs the strains that touch the heart,
Bold, rapid, wild, and void of art.

Unlike the bards whose milky lays
Delight in these degenerate days ;
Their crystal spring, and heather brown,
Is changed to wine and couch of down ;

Effeminate as lady gay,—
Such as the bard, so is his lay.

But then was seen, from every vale,
Through drifting snows and rattling hail,
Each Caledonian minstrel true,
Dressed in his plaid and bonnet blue,
With harp across his shoulders slung,
And music murmuring round his tongue,
Forcing his way, in raptures high,
To Holyrood his skill to try.

Ah ! when at home the songs they raised,
When gaping rustics stood and gazed,
Each bard believed, with ready will,
Unmatched his song, unmatched his skill.
But when the royal halls appeared,
Each aspect changed, each bosom feared ;
And when in court of Holyrood
Filed harps and bards around him stood,
His eye emitted cheerless ray,
His hope, his spirit sunk away :
There stood the minstrel, but his mind
Seemed left in native glen behind.

Unknown to men of sordid heart
What joys the poet's hopes impart ;
Unknown how his high soul is torn
By cold neglect, or canting scorn :
That meteor torch of mental light
A breath can quench or kindle bright.
Oft has that mind, which braved serene
The shafts of poverty and pain,

The Summer toil, the Winter blast,
Fallen victim to a frown at last.
Easy the boon he asks of thee ;
O ! spare his heart in courtesy !

There rolled each bard his anxious eye,
Or strode his adversary by ;
No cause was there for names to scan,
Each minstrel's plaid bespoke his clan ;
And the blunt borderer's plain array—
The bonnet broad and blanket gray.
Bard sought of bard a look to steal ;
Eyes measured each from head to heel.
Much wonder rose that men so famed,
Men save with rapture never named,
Looked only so—they could not tell—
Like other men, and scarce so well.
Though keen the blast, and long the way,
When twilight closed that dubious day,
When round the table all were set,
Small heart they had to talk or eat ;
Red look askance, blunt whisper low,
Awkward remark, uncourtly bow,
Were all that past in that bright throng,
That group of genuine sons of song.

One did the honours of the board
Who seemed a courtier or a lord :
Strange his array and speech withal,
Gael deemed him southern—southern, Gael.
Courteous his mien, his accents weak,
Lady in manner as in make ;
Yet round the board a whisper ran

That that same gay and simpering man
A minstrel was, of wond'rous fame,
Who from a distant region came,
To bear the prize beyond the sea
To the green shores of Italy.

The wine was served, and sooth to say,
Insensibly it stole away.
Thrice did they drain the allotted store,
And wondering skinkers dun for more ; *waiters*
Which vanished swifter than the first.
Little weened they the poet's thirst.

Still as that ruddy juice they drained,
The eyes were cleared, the speech regained ;
And latent sparks of fancy glowed,
Till one abundant torrent flowed
Of wit, of humour, social glee,
Wild music, mirth, and revelry.

Just when a jest had thrilled the crowd,
Just when the laugh was long and loud,
Entered a squire with summons smart—
That was the knell that pierced the heart—
“The Court awaits ;” he bowed—was gone—
Our bards sat changed to busts of stone.
As ever ye heard the green-wood dell,
On morn of June, one warbled swell,
If burst the thunder from on high,
How hushed the woodland melody :
Even so our bards shrunk at the view
Of what they wished, and what they knew.

Their numbers given, the lots were cast,
To fix the names of first and last ;
Then to the dazzling hall were led
Poor minstrels less alive than dead.

There such a scene entranced the view
As heart of poet never knew.
'Twas not the flash of golden gear,
Nor blaze of silver chandelier ;
Not Scotland's chiefs of noble air,
Nor dazzling rows of ladies fair ;
'Twas one enthroned the rest above—
Sure 'twas the Queen of grace and love !
Taper the form, and fair the breast
Yon radiant golden zones invest,
Where the vexed rubies blench in death
Beneath yon lips and balmy breath ;
Coronal gems of every dye
Look dim above yon beaming eye ;
Yon cheeks outvie the dawning's glow,
Red shadowed on a wreath of snow.

Oft the rapt bard had thought alone
Of charms by mankind never known,
Of virgins pure as opening day,
Or bosom of the flower of May ;
Oft dreamed of beings free from stain,
Of maidens of the emerald main,
Of fairy dames in grove at even,
Of angels in the walks of heaven :
But, nor on earth, the sea, nor sky,
In fairy dream, nor fancy's eye,

Vision his soul had ever seen
Like MARY STUART, Scotland's Queen.

NIGHT THE FIRST

Hushed was the Court—the courtiers gazed—
Each eye was bent, each soul amazed,
To see that group of genuine worth,
Those far-named minstrels of the north.
So motley wild their garments seemed ;
Their eyes, where tints of madness gleamed,
Fired with impatience every breast,
And expectation stood confest.

Short was the pause ; the stranger youth,
The gaudy minstrel of the south,
Whose glossy eye and lady form
Had never braved the northern storm,
Stepped lightly forth, kneeled three times low,
And then, with many a smile and bow,
Mounted the form amid the ring, *bench*
And rung his harp's responsive string.
Though true the chords, and mellow-toned,
Long, long he twisted, long he conned ;
Well pleased to hear his name they knew ;
“ 'Tis Rizzio ! ” round in whispers flew.

Valet with Parma's knight he came,
An angler in the tides of fame ;
And oft had tried, with anxious pain,
Respect of Scotland's Queen to gain.
Too well his eye, with searching art,
Perceived her fond, her wareless heart ;

And, though unskilled in Scottish song,
Her notice he had wooed so long,
With pain by night, and care by day.
He framed this fervid, flowery lay.—

MALCOLM OF LORN.

THE FIRST BARD'S SONG.

Came ye by Ora's verdant steep
That smiles the restless ocean over ?
Heard ye a suffering maiden weep ?
Heard ye her name her faithless lover ?
Saw ye an aged matron stand
O'er yon green grave above the strand,
Bent like the trunk of withered tree,
Or yon old thorn that sips the sea ;
Fixed her dim eye, her face as pale
As the mists that o'er her flew ?
Her joy is fled like the flower of the vale,
Her hope like the morning dew.
That matron was lately as proud of her stay
As the mightiest monarch of sceptre or sway :
O list to the tale ! 'tis a tale of soft sorrow,
Of Malcolm of Lorn and young Ann of Glen-Ora.

The sun is sweet at early morn,
Just blushing from the ocean's bosom ;
The rose that decks the woodland thorn
Is fairest in its opening blossom ;
Sweeter than opening rose in dew,
Than vernal flowers of richest hue,

Than fragrant birch or weeping willow,
Than red sun resting on the billow ;
Sweeter than aught to mortals given
The heart and soul to prove ;
Sweeter than aught beneath the heaven,
The joys of early love.
Never did maiden and manly youth
Love with such fervour, and love with such truth ;
Or pleasures and virtues alternately borrow,
As Malcolm of Lorn and fair Ann of Glen-Ora.

The day is come, the dreaded day,
Must part two loving hearts for ever ;
The ship lies rocking in the bay,
The boat comes rippling up the river ;
O happy has the gloaming's eye
In green Glen-Ora's bosom seen them ;
But soon shall lands and nations lie,
And angry oceans roll between them.
Yes, they must part, for ever part,
Chill falls the truth on either heart ;
For honour, titles, wealth, and state,
In distant lands her sire await.

The maid must with her sire away,
She cannot stay behind ;
Straight to the south the pennons play,
And steady is the wind.
Shall Malcolm relinquish the home of his youth,
And sail with his love to the lands of the south ?
Ah, no ! for his father has gone to the tomb—
One parent survives in her desolate home :

No child but her Malcolm to cheer her lone way ;
Break not her fond heart, gentle Malcolm, O stay !

The boat impatient leans ashore,
Her prow sleeps on a sandy pillow ;
The rower leans upon his oar,
Already bent to brush the billow.
O ! Malcolm, view yon melting eyes,
With tears yon stainless roses steeping !
O ! Malcolm, list thy mother's sighs !
She's leaning o'er her staff and weeping ;
Thy Anna's heart is bound to thine,
And must that gentle heart repine ?
Quick from the shore the boat must fly,
Her soul is speaking through her eye ;
Think of thy joys in Ora's shade ;
From Anna canst thou sever ?
Think of the vows thou oft hast made,
To love the dear maiden for ever.
And canst thou forego such beauty and youth,
Such maiden honour and spotless truth ?
Forbid it !—He yields ; to the boat he draws nigh—
Haste, Malcolm, aboard, revert not thine eye !

That trembling voice, in murmurs weak,
Comes not to blast the hopes before thee ;
For pity, Malcolm, turn and take
A last farewell of her that bore thee !
She says no word to mar thy bliss ;
A last embrace, a parting kiss,
Her love deserves—then be thou gone ;
A mother's joys are thine alone.
Friendship may fade, and fortune prove

Deceitful to thy heart ;
But never can a mother's love
From her own offspring part.
That tender form, now bent and gray,
Shall quickly sink to her native clay ;
Then who shall watch her parting breath,
And shed a tear o'er her couch of death ?
Who follow the dust to its long, long home,
And lay that head in an honoured tomb ?

Oft hast thou, to her bosom prest,
For many a day about been borne ;
Oft hushed and cradled at her breast,
And canst thou leave that breast forlorn ?
O'er all thy ails her heart has bled,
Oft has she watched beside thy bed ;
Oft prayed for thee in dell at even,
Beneath the pitying stars of heaven.
Ah ! Malcolm, ne'er was parent yet
So tender, so benign.
Never was maid so loved, so sweet,
Nor soul so rent as thine.
He looked to the boat—slow she heaved from the shore ;
He saw his loved Anna all speechless implore,
But, grasped by a cold and a trembling hand,
He clung to his parent, and sank on the strand.

The boat across the tide flew fast,
And left a silver curve behind ;
Loud sung the sailor from the mast,
Spreading his sails before the wind.
The stately ship, adown the bay
A corslet framed of heaving snow,

And flurred on high the slender spray,
Till rainbows gleamed around her prow.
How strained was Malcolm's watery eye,
Yon fleeting vision to descry !
But, ah ! her virgin form so fair
Soon vanished in the liquid air.
Away to Ora's headland steep
The youth retired the while,
And saw the unpitying vessel sweep
Around yon Highland isle.
His heart and his mind with that vessel had gone ;
His sorrow was deep, and despairing his moan,
When, lifting his eyes from the green heaving deep,
He prayed the Almighty his Anna to keep.

High o'er the crested cliffs of Lorn
The curlew conned her wild bravura ;
The sun, in pall of purple borne,
Was hastening down the steeps of Jura.
The glowing ocean heaved her breast,
Her wandering lover's glances under ;
And showed his radiant form imprest
Deep in a wavy world of wonder.
Not all the ocean's dyes at even,
Though varied as the bow of heaven,
The countless isles so dusky blue,
Nor medley of the gray curlew,
Could light on Malcolm's spirit shed ;
Their glory all was gone.
For his joy was fled, his hope was dead,
And his heart forsaken and lone.
The sea-bird sought her roofless nest,
To warm her brood with her downy breast,

And near her home, on the margin dun,
A mother weeps o'er her duteous son.

One little boat alone is seen
On all the lovely dappled main,
That softly sinks the waves between,
Then vaults their heaving breasts again ;
With snowy sail and rowers' sweep,
Across the tide she seems to fly :
Why bears she on yon headland steep,
Where neither house nor home is nigh ?
Is that a vision from the deep
That springs ashore and scales the steep,
Nor ever stays its ardent haste
Till sunk upon young Malcolm's breast ?
Oh ! spare that breast so lowly laid,
So fraught with deepest sorrow !
It is his own, his darling maid,
Young Anna of Glen-Ora.
" My Malcolm ! part we ne'er again !
My father saw thy bosom's pain,
Pitied my grief from thee to sever ;
Now I, and Glen-Ora, are thine for ever."

That blaze of joy through clouds of woe
Too fierce upon his heart did fall ;
For, ah ! the shaft had left the bow
Which power of man could not recall.
No word of love could Malcolm speak,
No raptured kiss his lips impart ;
No tear bedewed his shivering cheek,
To ease the grasp that held his heart.
His arms essayed one kind embrace—

Will they enclose her ? Never ! never !
A smile set softly on his face,
But ah ! the eye was set for ever.
'Twas more than broken heart could brook :
How throbs that breast ! How still that look !
One shiver more ! All, all is o'er.
As melts the wave on level shore,
As fades the dye of falling even,
Far on the silver verge of heaven ;
As on thy ear the minstrel's lay,
So died the comely youth away.

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The strain died soft in note of woe,
Nor breath nor whisper 'gan to flow
From courtly circle ; all was still
As midnight on the lonely hill.
So well that foreign minstrel's strain
Had mimicked passion, woe and pain ;
Seemed even the chilly hand of death
Stealing away his mellow breath.
So sighed—so stopped—so died his lay—
His spirit too seemed fled for aye.

'Tis true, the gay attentive throng
Admired, but loved not much, his song ;
Admired his wondrous voice and skill,
His harp that thrilled or wept at will.
But that affected gaudy rhyme,
The querulous keys and changing chime,
Scarce could the Highland chieftain brook ;
Disdain seemed kindling in his look,

That song so vapid, artful, terse,
Should e'er compete with Scottish verse.

But she, the fairest of the fair,
Who sat enthroned in gilded chair,
Well skilled in foreign minstrelsy,
And artful airs of Italy,
Listened his song with raptures wild,
And on the happy minstrel smiled.
Soon did the wily stranger's eye
The notice most he wished espy,
Then poured his numbers bold and free,
Fired by the grace of majesty ;
And when his last notes died away,
When sunk in well-feigned death he lay,
When round the crowd began to ring,
Thinking his spirit on the wing,
First of the dames she came along,
Wept, sighed, and marvelled 'mid the throng.
And when they raised him, it was said
The beauteous sovereign deigned her aid ;
And in her hands so soft and warm
Upheld the minstrel's hand and arm,
Then oped his eye with rapture fired ;
He smiled, and, bowing oft, retired,
Pleased he so soon had realised
What more than gold or fame he prized.

Next in the list was Gardyn's name ;
No sooner called than forth he came.
Stately he strode, nor bow made he,
Nor even a look of courtesy.
The simpering cringe and fawning look

Of him who late the lists forsook
Roused his proud heart, and fired his eye,
That glowed with native dignity.

Full sixty years the bard had seen,
Yet still his manly form and mien,
His garb of ancient Caledon,
Where lines of silk and scarlet shone,
And golden garters 'neath his knee,
Announced no man of mean degree.

Upon his harp of wondrous frame
Was carved his lineage and his name.
There stood the cross that name above,
Fair emblem of Almighty love ;
Beneath rose an embossment proud,
A Rose beneath a Thistle bowed.

Lightly upon the form he sprung,
And his bold harp impetuous rung.
Not one by one the chords he tried,
But brushed them o'er from side to side
With either hand, so rapid, loud,
Shook were the walls of Holyrood.
Then in a mellow tone and strong
He poured this wild and dreadful song.

YOUNG KENNEDY.

THE SECOND BARD'S SONG.

When the gusts of October had rifled the thorn,
Had dappled the woodland, and umbered the plain,
In den of the mountain was Kennedy born ;
There hushed by the tempest, baptized with the rain.
His cradle a mat that swung light on the oak,
His couch the sear mountain-fern spread on the rock ;
The white knobs of ice from the chilled nipple hung,
And loud winter-torrents his lullaby sung.

Unheeded he shivered, unheeded he cried ;
Soon died on the breeze of the forest his moan.
To his wailings the weary wood-echo replied ;
His watcher the wondering redbreast alone.
Oft gazed his young eye on the whirl of the storm,
And all the wild shades that the desert deform ;
From cleft in the correi, which thunders *hollow in hill*
had riven,
It oped on the pale fleeting billows of heaven.

The nursling of misery, young Kennedy learned
His hunger, his thirst, and his passions to feed :
With pity for others his heart never yearned ;
Their pain was his pleasure, their sorrow his meed.
His eye was the eagle's, the twilight his hue,
His stature like pine of the hill where he grew ;
His soul was the nead-fire, inhaled from *magic fire*
the den,
And never knew fear, save for ghost of the glen.

His father a chief, for barbarity known,
Proscribed, and by gallant Macdougal expelled ;
Where rolls the dark Teith through the valley of
Doune,

The conqueror's menial he toiled in the field.
His master he loved not, obeyed with a scowl,
Scarce smothered his hate and his rancour of soul ;
When challenged, his eye and his colour would
change,
His proud bosom nursing and planning revenge.

Matilda, ah ! woe that the wild rose's dye,
Shed over thy maiden cheek, caused thee to rue !
O ! why was the sphere of thy love-rolling eye
Inlaid with the diamond and dipt in the dew ?
Thy father's sole daughter, his hope and his care,
The child of his age, and the child of his prayer ;
And thine was the heart that was gentle and kind,
And light as the feather that sports in the wind.

To her home from the Lowlands Matilda returned ;
All fair was her form and untainted her mind.
Young Kennedy saw her, his appetite burned
As fierce as the moor-flame impelled by the wind.
Was it love ? No ; the ray his dark soul never knew,
That spark which eternity burns to renew ;
'Twas the flesh of desire, kindled fierce by revenge,
Which savages feel the brown desert that range.

Sweet woman ! too well is thy tenderness known,
Too often deep sorrow succeeds thy love-smile ;
Too oft, in a moment, thy peace overthrown,
Fair butt of delusion, of passion, and guile !

What heart will not bleed for Matilda so gay,
To art and to long perseverance a prey ?
Why sings yon scared blackbird in sorrowful mood ?
Why blushed the daisy deep in the green-wood ?

Sweet woman ! with virtue thou'rt lofty, thou'rt free ;
Yield that, thou'rt a slave, and the mark of disdain ;
No blossom of spring is beleaguered like thee,
Though brushed by the lightning, the wind and the rain.

Matilda is fallen ! With tears in her eye
She seeks her destroyer, but only can sigh.
Matilda has fallen, and sorrow her doom,
The flower of the valley is nipt in her bloom.

Ah ! Kennedy, vengeance hangs over thine head !
Escape to thy native Glengary forlorn !
Why art thou at midnight away from thy bed ?
Why quakes thy big heart at the break of the morn ?

Why chatters yon magpie on gable so loud ?
Why flits yon light vision in gossamer shroud ?
How came yon white doves from the window to fly,
And hover on weariless wing to the sky ?

Yon pie is the prophet of terror and death,
O'er Abel's green harbour that omen was given.
Yon pale boding phantom a messenger wraith,
Yon doves two fair angels commissioned of Heaven.
The sun is in state, and the reapers in motion ;
Why were they not called to their morning devotion ?
Why slumbers Macdougall so long in his bed ?
Ah ! pale on his couch the old chieftain lies dead.

Though grateful the hope to the death-bed that flies
That lovers and friends o'er our ashes will weep ;
The soul, when released from her lingering ties,
In secret may see if their sorrows are deep.
Who wept for the worthy Macdougall ?—Not one !
His darling Matilda, who, two months ago,
Would have mourned for her father in sorrow
extreme
Indulged in a painful delectable dream.

But why do the matrons, while dressing the dead,
Sit silent and look as if something they knew ?
Why gaze on the features ? Why move they the head,
And point at the bosom so dappled and blue ?
Say, was there foul play ?—Then, why sleeps the red
thunder ?
Ah ! hold, for Suspicion stands silent with wonder.
The body's entombed, and the green turf laid over ;
Matilda is wed to her dark Highland lover.

Yes, the new moon that stooped over dark Aberfoyle,
And shed her light dews on a father's new grave,
Beheld, in her wane, the gay wedding turmoil,
And lighted the bride to her chamber at eve :
Blue, blue was the heaven ; and, o'er the wide scene,
A vapoury silver veil floated serene,
A fairy perspective, that bore from the eye
Wood, mountain, and meadow, in distance to lie.

The scene was so still, it was all like a vision,
The lamp of the moon seemed as fading for ever ;
'Twas awfully soft, without shade or elision,
And nothing was heard but the rush of the river.

But why won't the bride-maidens walk on the lea,
Nor lovers steal out to the sycamore tree ?
Why turn to the hall with those looks of confusion ?
There's nothing abroad !—'tis a dream, a delusion.

But why do the horses snort over their food,
And cling to the manger in seeming dismay ?
What scares the old owlet afar to the wood ?
Why screams the blue heron, as hastening away ?
Say, why is the dog hid so deep in his cover ?
Each window barred up, and the curtain drawn over ?
Each white maiden-bosom still heaving so high,
And fixed on another each fear-speaking eye ?

'Tis all an illusion ; the lamp let us trim !
Come, rouse thee, old minstrel, to strains of
renown ;
The old cup is empty, fill round to the brim,
And drink the young pair to their chamber just gone !
Ha ! why is the cup from the lip ta'en away ?
Why fixed every form like a statue of clay ?
Say, whence is that outcry of horrid despair ?
Haste, fly to the marriage bed-chamber—'tis there.

O ! haste thee, Strath-Allan ! Glen-Ogle, away !
These outcries betoken wild horror and woe ;
The dull ear of midnight is stunned with dismay ;
Glen-Ogle ! Strath-Allan ! fly swift as the roe !
'Mid darkness and death, on eternity's brim,
You stood with Macdonald and Arch'bald the Grim ;
Then why do you hesitate ? why do you stand
With claymore unsheathed, and red taper in hand ?

The tumult is o'er ; not a murmur nor groan :
What footsteps so madly pace through the saloon ?
'Tis Kennedy, naked and ghastly, alone,
Who hies him away by the light of the moon.
All prostrate and bleeding Matilda they found,
The threshold her pillow, her couch the cold ground ;
Her features distorted, her colour the clay,
Her feelings, her voice, and her reason away.

Ere morn they returned ; but how well had they never !
They brought with them horror too deep to
sustain ;
Returned but to chasten, and vanish for ever,
To harrow the bosom and fever the brain.
List, list to her tale, youth, levity, beauty !
O ! sweet is the path of devotion and duty.
When pleasure smiles sweetest, dread danger and
death,
And think of Matilda, the flower of the Teith !

THE BRIDE'S TALE

I had just laid me down, but no word could I pray ;
I had pillowed my head, and drawn up the bed-cover ;
I thought of the grave where my loved father lay,
So damp and so cold, with the grass growing over.
I looked to my husband, but just as he came
To enter my couch, it seemed all in a flame,
A ghastly refulgence as bright as day-noon,
Though shut was the chamber from eye of the moon.

Bestower of being ! in pity, O ! hide
That sight from the eye of my spirit for ever !

That page from the volume of memory divide,
Or memory and being eternally sever !
My father approached ; our bed-curtains he drew ;
Ah ! well the gray locks and pale features I knew :
I saw his fix'd eye-balls indignantly glow ;
Yet still in that look there was pity and woe.

“ O ! hide thee, my daughter ! ” he eagerly cried ;
“ O haste from the bed of that parricide lover !
Embrace not thy husband, unfortunate bride !
Thy red cup of misery already runs over.
He strangled thy father ; thy guilt paved the way ;
Thy heart yet is blameless, O fly while you may !
Thy portion of life must calamity leaven ;
But fly while there's hope of forgiveness from Heaven !

“ And thou, fell destroyer of virtue and life !
O ! well may'st thou quake at thy terrible doom !
For body or soul, with barbarity rife,
On earth is no refuge, in heaven no room.
Fly whither thou wilt, I will follow thee still—
To dens of the forest, or mists of the hill ;
The task I'm assigned, which I'll never forego,
But chase thee from earth to thy dwelling below.

“ The cave shall not cover, the cloud shall not hide
thee ;
At noon I will wither thy sight with my frown :
In gloom of the night I will lay me beside thee,
And pierce with this weapon thy bosom of stone.”
Fast fled the despoiler with howlings most dire,
Fast followed the spirit with rapier of fire ;

Away, and away, through the silent saloon,
And away, and away, by the light of the moon.

To follow I tried, but sunk down at the door,
Alas ! from that trance that I ever awoke !
How wanders my mind ! I shall see him no more,
Till God shall yon gates everlasting unlock.
My poor brow is open, 'tis burning with pain,
O kiss it, sweet vision ! O kiss it again !
Now give me thine hand ; I will fly, I will fly,
Away on the morn's dappled wing to the sky.

THE CONCLUSION

O ! shepherd of Braco, look well to thy flock,
The piles of Glen-Ardochy murmur and jar ;
The rook and the raven converse from the rock,
The beasts of the forest are howling afar.
Shrill pipes the goss-hawk his dire tidings to tell,
The grey mountain-falcon accords with his yell ;
Aloft on bold pinion the eagle is borne
To ring the alarm at the gates of the morn.

Ah ! shepherd, thy kids wander safe in the wood,
Thy lambs feed in peace on Ben-Ardochy's brow ;
Then why is the hoary cliff sheeted with blood ?
And what the poor carcass lies mangled below ?
Oh, hie thee away to thy hut at the fountain,
And dig a lone grave on the top of yon mountain ;
But fly it for ever when falls the grey gloaming,
For there a grim phantom still naked is roaming,

.

Gardyn with stately step withdrew,
While plaudits round the circle flew.

Woe that the bard, whose thrilling song
Has poured from age to age along,
Should perish from the lists of fame,
And lose his only boon—a name.
Yet many a song of wondrous power,
Well known in cot and green-wood bower,
Wherever swells the shepherd's reed
On Yarrow's banks and braes of Tweed ;
Yes, many a song of olden time,
Of rude array, and air sublime,
Though long on time's dark whirlpool tossed,
The song is saved, the bard is lost.

Yet have I weened, when these I sung
On Ettrick banks, while mind was young,
When on the eve their strains I threw,
And youth and maidens round me drew ;
Or chanted in the lonely glen,
Far from the haunts and eyes of men :
Yes, I have weened, with fondest sigh,
The spirit of the bard was nigh,
Swung by the breeze on braken pile,
Or hovering o'er me with a smile.
Would fancy still her dreams combine,
That spirit, too, might breathe on mine,
Well pleased to see her songs the joy
Of that poor lonely shepherd boy.

'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
That many rhymes which still prevail,

Of genuine ardour, bold and free,
Were aye admired, and aye will be,
Had never been, or shortly stood,
But for that Wake at Holyrood.
Certes that many a bard of name,
Who there appeared and strove for fame,
No record names, nor minstrel's tongue ;
Not even are known the lays they sung.

The fifth was from a western shore,
Where rolls the dark and sullen Orr,
Of peasant make and doubtful mien,
Affecting airs of proud disdain ;
Wide curled his raven locks and high,
Dark was his visage, dark his eye,
That glanced around on dames and men
Like falcon's on the cliffs of Ken.
Some ruffian mendicant, whose wit
Presumed at much, for all unfit.
No one could read the character,
If *knave* or *genius* writ was there ;
But all supposed, from mien and frame,
From Erin he an exile came.

With hollow voice, and harp ill strung,
Some bungling parody he sung,
Well known to maid and matron gray
Through all the glens of Galloway ;
For often had he conned it there,
With simpering and affected air.
Listened the Court, with sidelong bend,
In wonder how the strain would end.
But long ere that it grew so plain,

They scarce from hooting could refrain ;
And each to others 'gan to say,
"What good can come from Galloway ?"

Woe for the *man* so indiscreet !
For bard would be a name unmeet
For self-sufficient, sordid elf,
Whom none admires but he himself.
Unheard by him the scorner's tongue,
For still he capered and he sung,
With many an awkward gape the while,
And many a dark, delighted smile,
Till round the throne the murmurs ran,
Till ladies blushed behind the fan ;
And when the rustic ceased to sing,
A hiss of scorn ran round the ring.
Dark grinned the fool around the form,
With bloodshot eye and face of storm ;
Sprung from his seat with awkward leap,
And muttered curses loud and deep.

The sixth, too, from that country he,
Where heath-cocks bay o'er western Dee ;
Where Summer spreads her purple screen
O'er moors where greensward ne'er was seen ;
Nor shade, o'er all the prospect stern,
Save crusted rock or warrior's cairn.

Gentle his form, his manners meet,
His harp was soft, his voice was sweet ;
He sung Lochryan's hapless maid,
In bloom of youth by love betrayed,
Turned from her lover's bower at last,

To brave the chilly midnight blast,
And, bitterer far, the pangs to prove
Of ruined fame and slighted love;
A tender babe her arms within,
Sobbing and "shivering at the chin."
No lady's cheek in court was dry,
So softly poured the melody.

The eighth was from the Leven coast :
The rest who sung that night are lost.

Mounted the bard of Fife on high,
Bushy his beard and wild his eye :
His cheek was furrowed by the gale,
And his thin locks were long and pale.
Full hardly passed he through the throng,
Dragging on crutches, slow along,
His feeble and unhealthy frame,
And kindness welcomed as he came.
His unassuming aspect mild,
Calm and benignant as a child,
Yet spoke to all that viewed him nigh,
That more was there than met the eye.
Some wizard of the shore he seemed,
Who through the scenes of life had dreamed
Of spells that vital life benumb,
Of formless spirits wandering dumb,
Where aspens in the moonbeam quake,
By mouldering pile or mountain lake.

He deemed that fays and spectres wan
Held converse with the thoughts of man,
In dreams their future fates foretold,

And spread the death-flame on the wold;
 Or flagged at eve each restless wing
 In dells their vesper hymns to sing.

Such was our bard, such were his lays;
 And long, by green Benarty's base,
 His wild wood-notes, from ivy cave,
 Had waked the dawning from the wave.
 At evening fall, in lonesome dale,
 He kept strange converse with the gale,
 Held worldly pomp in high derision,
 And wandered in a world of vision.

Of mountain ash his harp was framed,
 The brazen chords all trembling flamed,
 As, in a rugged, northern tongue,
 This mad, unearthly song he sung.

THE WITCH OF FIFE.

THE EIGHTH BARD'S SONG.

"Quhare haif ye been, ye ill womyne, *Where, have, woman*
 These three lang nightis fra hame? *nights, from*
 Quhat garris the sweat drap fra yer brow, *makes, sweat*
 Like clotis of the saut sea faem? *clots, salt, foam*

"It fearis me muckil ye haif seen *I fear much*
 Quhat guid man never knew; *good*
 It fearis me muckil ye haif been
 Quhare the gray cock never crew.

"But the spell may crack, and the
 brydel breck, *bridle, break*
 Then sherpe yer werde will be ; *sharp, doom*
 Ye had better sleipe in yer bed at hame,
 Wi' yer deire littil bairns and me." *children*

'Sit doune, sit doune, my leil auld man, *honest*
 Sit doune, and listin to me ;
 I'll gar the hair stand on yer crown,
 And the cauld sweit blind yer ee. *cold, eye*

'But tell nae wordis, my guid auld
 man,
 Tell never word again ;
 Or deire shall be yer courtisye,
 And driche and sair yer pain. *tedious, sore*

'The first leet night, quhan the new *choice (?)*
 moon set,
 Quhan all was douffe and mirk, *When, dull, dark*
 We saddled our naigis wi' the moon-
 fern leif, *nags*
 And rode fra Kilmerrin kirk. *leaf*

'Some horses were of the brume-cow *broom,*
 framit, *made*
 And some of the greine bay tree ;
 But mine was made of ane humloke *hemlock,*
 schaw, *stalk*
 And a stout stallion was he.

'We raide the tod doune on the hill, *rode, fox*
 The martin on the law ; *hill*

And we huntyd the houlet out of *owl*
brethe,
And forcit him doune to fa'. *fall*

"Quhat guid was that, ye ill womyne?
Quhat guid was that to thee?
Ye wald better haif been in yer bed at
hame,
Wi' yer deire littil bairns and me."

'And aye we raide, and se merrily we
raide,
Throw the merkist gloffis of the *darkest streaks*
night;
And we swam the floode, and we
darnit the woode, *pierced*
Till we cam to the Lommond
height.

'And quhan we cam to the Lommond
height,
Se lyghtlye we lychtid doune; *lighted*
And we drank fra the hornis that
never grew
The beer that was never browin. *brewed*

'Then up there raise ane wee wee man, *rose*
Fra nethe the moss-gray stane; *From under*
His fece was wan like the collifloure,
For he nouthir had blude nor bane. *neither*

'He set ane reid-pipe til his muthe *to*
And he playit se bonnilye,

Till the gray curlew and the black-cock
 flew
 To listen his melodye.

‘It rang se sweit through the grein
 Lommond
 That the nycht-winde lowner blew ; *calmer*
 And it soupit along the Loch Leven, *swept*
 And wakinit the white sea-mew. *gull*

‘It rang se sweit through the grein
 Lommond,
 Se sweetly butt and se shill, *and also, shrill*
 That the wezilis lap out of their mouldy *weazles leapt*
 holis,—
 And dancit on the mydnycht hill.

‘The corby craw cam gledgin near, *raven, squinting*
 The ern ged veeryng bye ; *eagle, went*
 And the troutis laup out of the Leven *leapt*
 Loch,
 Charmit with the melodye.

‘And aye we dancit on the grein
 Lommond
 Till the dawn on the ocean grew ;
 Ne wonder I was a weary wycht *wight*
 Quhan I cam hame to you.’

“Quhat guid, quhat guid, my weird
 weird wyfe,
 Quhat guid was that to thee ?

Ye wald ketter haif bein in yer bed at
hame,
Wi' yer deire littil bairns and me."

'The second nychte, quhan the new
moon set,
O'er the roaring sea we flew ;
The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
Our sailis of the grein sea-rue.

'And the bauld windis blew, and the
fire-flauchtis flew, *sheet-lightning*
And the sea ran to the skie ;
And the thunner it growlit, and the
sea-dogs howlit,
As we gaed scouryng bye. *went*

'And aye we mountit the sea-grein
hillis,
Quhill we brushit throughe cludis of *Till, clouds*
the hevin ;
Than sousit downright like the stern- *star*
shot light,
Fra the liftis blue casement driven. *sky's*

'But our taickil stood, and our bark *tackle*
was good,
And se pang, was our pearily prow ; *packed, little, boat*
Quhan we couldna speil the brow of *climb*
the wavis,
We needilit them throu belowe. *bored*

‘ As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
 As fast as the mydnycht leme, *flame*
 We borit the breiste of the burstyng
 swale, *swell*
 Or fluffit i’ the flotyng faem. *danced, foam*

‘ And quhan to the Norraway shore we
 wan, *got*
 We muntyd our steedis of the wynde,
 And we splashit the floode, and we
 darnit the woode, *pierced*
 And we left the shouir behynde.

‘ Fleit is the roe on the grein Lom-
 mond,
 And swift is the couryng grew, *crouching greyhound*
 The rein-deir dun can eithly run, *easily*
 Quhan the houndis and the hornis
 pursue.

‘ But nowther the roe, nor the rein-deir *neither*
 dun,
 The hinde nor the couryng grew,
 Culde fly owr montaine, muir, and dale, *over, moor*
 As our braw steedis they flew. *fine*

‘ The dales war deep, and the Doffrinis
 steep,
 And we raise to the skyis ee-bree ; *rose, eye-brow*
 Quhite, quhite was our rode, that was
 never trode,
 Owr the snawis of eternitye !

‘And quhan we cam to the Lapland
lone,
The fairies were all in array ;
For all the genii of the north
War keiping their holeday.

‘The warlockmen and the weird wemyng *wizard, women*
And the fays of the wood and the
steip,
And the phantom hunteris all war
there,
And the mermaidis of the deip.

‘And they washit us all with the
witch-water,
Distillit fra the muirland dew,
Quhill our beauty blumit like the Lap- *bloomed*
land rose,
That wylde in the foreste grew.’

“Ye lee, ye lee, ye ill womyne, *lie*
Se loud as I heir ye lee !
For the warst-faured wyfe on the *worst favoured*
shoris of Fyfe
Is cumlye comparit wi’ thee.” *comely*

‘Then the mermaidis sang and the
woodlandis rang,
Se sweetly swellit the quire ; *choir*
On every cliff a herpe they hang,
On every tree a lyre.

‘And aye they sang, and the woodlandis
rang,
And we drank, and we drank se deip ;
Than saft in the armis of the warlock
men
We laid us dune to sleip.’

“ Away, away, ye ill womyne,
An ill deide met ye dee ! *death might*
Quhan ye hae pruvit se false to yer God, *proved*
Ye can never pruve true to me.”

‘And there we lernit fra the fairy foke, *folk*
And fra our master true,
The wordis that can beire us throu the
air,
And lakkis and barris undo. *locks, bars*

‘Last nychte we met at Maisry’s cot ;
Richt weil the wordis we knew ;
And we set a foot on the black cruik- *whorled-*
shell, *shell*
And out at the lum we flew. *out of, chimney*

‘And we flew owr hill, and we flew
owr dale,
And we flew owr firth and sea,
Until we cam to merry Carlisle,
Quhare we lightit on the lea.

‘We gaed to the vault beyond the *went*
towir,
Quhare we enterit free as ayr ;

And we drank, and we drank of the
 bishopis wine
 Quhill we culde drink ne mair.'

"Gin that be true, my guid auld wyfe, *If*
 Whilk thou hast tauld to me, *Which, told*
 Betide my death, betide my lyfe,
 I'll beire thee companye.

"Neist time ye gaung to merry Carlisle *Next, go*
 To drynk of the blude-reid wyne,
 Beshrew my heart, I'll fly with thee,
 If the deil should fly behynde." *devil*

'Ah! little do ye ken, my silly auld *know*
 man,
 The daingeris we maun dree ; *run*
 Last nychte we drank of the bishopis
 wyne,
 Quhill near near taen war we. *taken*

'Afore we wan to the Sandy Ford, *Before, got*
 The gor-cockis nichering flew ; *moorcocks, twittering*
 The lofty crest of Ettrick Pen
 Was wavit about with blue,
 And, slichtering throu the ayr, we fand *fluttering*
 The chill chill morning dew.

'As we flew owr the hillis of Braid,
 The sun raise fair and cleir ; *rose*
 There gurlly James, and his baronis braw, *growing*
 War out to hunt the deir.

‘Their bowis they drew, their arrowis
 flew,
 And piercit the ayr with speide,
 Quhill purpil fell the mornyng dew
 Wi’ witch-blude rank and reide. *red*

‘Littil do ye ken, my silly auld man,
 The dangeris we maun dree ;
 Ne wonder I am a weary wycht
 Quhan I come hame to thee.’

“But tell me the *word*, my guid auld
 wyfe,
 Come tell it me speedilye ;
 For I lang to drink of the guid reid
 wyne,
 And to wyng the ayr with thee.

“Yer hellish horse I wilna ryde,
 Nor sail the seas in the wynde ;
 But I can flee as weil as thee,
 And I’ll drynk quhill ye be blind.”

‘O fy ! O fy ! my leil auld man,
 That word I darena tell ;
 It wald turn this warld all upside down, *world*
 And make it warse than hell.

‘For all the lasses in the land
 Wald munt the wynde and fly ; *Would mount*
 And the men wald doff their doublets
 syde, *wide*
 And after them wald ply.’

But the auld guidman was ane cunningg
auld man,

And ane cunningg auld man was he ;
And he watchit, and he watchit for
mony a nychte,

The witches' flychte to see.

many, night

flight

Ane nychte he darnit in Maisry's cot ;

The fearless haggis cam in ;

And he heard the word of awsome

weird,

purport

And he saw their deidis of synn.

deeds

Then ane by ane they said that word,

As fast to the fire they drew ;

Then set a foot on the black cruik-shell,

And out at the lum they flew.

The auld guidman cam fra his hole

With feire and muckil dreide,

muck

But yet he culdna think to rue,

repent

For the wyne cam in his head.

He set his foot in the black cruik-shell,

With ane fixit and ane wawlying

wild rolling

ee ;

eye

And he said the word that I darena

say,

And out at the lum flew he.

The witches skalit the moon-beam

scaled

pale,

Deep groanit the trembling wynde,

But they never wist till our auld guid- *knew*
man
Was hoveryng them behynde.

They flew to the vaultis of merry Car-
lisle,
Quhare they enterit free as ayr ;
And they drank and they drank of the
bishopis wyne
Quhill they culde drink ne mair.

The auld guidman he grew se crouse, *merry*
He dancit on the mouldy ground,
And he sang the bonniest sangs of
Fyfe,
And he tuzzlit the kerlyngs round. *tousled, women*

And aye he piercit the tither butt, *yet another*
And he suckit and he suckit se lang
Quhill his een they closit, and his voice
grew low,
And his tongue wald hardly gang.

The kerlyngs drank of the bishopis
wyne
Quhill they scentit the morning
wynde ;
Then clove again the yielding ayr,
And left the auld man behynde.

And aye he sleipit on the damp, damp
floor,
He sleipit and he snorit amain ;

He never dreamit he was far fra hame,
Or that the auld wyvis war gane.

And aye he sleipit on the damp damp
floor,
Quhill past the mid-day highte,
Quhan wakenit by five rough English-
men,
That trailit him to the lychte.

"Now quha are ye, ye silly auld man, *who*
That sleipis se sound and se weil ?
Or how gat ye into the bishopis vault
Throu lokkis and barris of steel ?"

The auld gudeman he tryit to speak,
But ane word he couldna fynde ;
He tryit to think, but his head whirlit
round,
And ane thing he couldna mynde :
"I cam fra Fyfe," the auld man cryit,
"And I cam on the mydnycht
wynde."

They nickit the auld man, and they
prickit the auld man,
And they yerkit his limbs with *tied*
twine ;
Quhill the reide blude ran in his hose
and his shoon, *shoes*
But some cryit it was wyne.

They lickit the auld man, and they *thrashed*
 prickit the auld man,
 And they tyit him til ane stone ; *to*
 And they set ane bele-fire him about, *blasing fire*
 To burn him skin and bone.

"O wae to me !" said the puir auld *wae*
 man,
 "That ever I saw the day,
 And wae be to the ill wemyng *women*
 That lead puir men astray !

"Let nevir ane auld man after this
 To lawless greide incline ;
 Let nevir ane auld man after this
 Rin post to the deil for wyne."

The reike flew up in the auld man's *smoke*
 face,
 And choukit him bitterlye ; *choked*
 And the lowe cam up with ane angry *c*
 blese, *blasse*
 And it syngit his auld breck-knee. *singed, breeches*

He lukit to the land fra whence he *looked*
 cam,
 For lukis he culde get ne mae ; *no more*
 And he thochte of his deire little
 bairnis at hame,
 And O the auld man was wae. *sad*

But they turnit their facis to the sun,
 With gloffe and wonderous glair, *fright*

For they saw ane thing beth lairge and *both*
dun

Comin swaipin down the ayr. *sweeping*

That burd it cam fra the landis o'Fyfe, *bird*

And it cam rycht tymeouslye,

For quha was it but the auld manis
wyfe

Just comit his dethe to see.

Scho put ane reide cap on his heide, *She, red*

And the auld guidman lookit fain, *fond*

Then whisperit ane word intil his lug, *into, ear*

And tovit to the ayr again. *rose*

The auld guidman he gae ane bob, *gave*

I' the mids o' the burnyng lowe ; *midst*

And the sheklis that band him to the *shackles, bound*
ring

They fell fra his armis like towe. *flax*

He drew his breath, and he said the
word,

And he said it with muckil glee, *much*

Then set his fit on the burnyng pile, *foot*

And away to the ayr flew he.

Till aince he cleirit the swirlyng reike, *once*

He lukit beth ferit and sad ; *afraid*

But when he wan to the lycht blue *got, light*
ayr,

He lauchit as he'd been mad. *laughed*

His armis war spred, and his heid was
 hiche, *high*
 And his feite stack out behynde ;
 And the laibies of the auld man's cote *skirts*
 War wauffing in the wynde. *floating*

And aye he neicherit, and aye he flew, *sniggered*
 For he thochte the ploy se raire ; *thought, joke*
 It was like the voice of the gainer *gander*
 blue
 Quhan he flees throu the ayr.

He lukit back to the Carlisle men,
 As he borit the norlan sky ; *pierced*
 He noddit his heide, and gae ane girn, *grimmed*
 But he nevir said guid-bye.

They vanisht far i' the liftis blue wale, *verge*
 Nae mair the English saw,
 But the auld manis lauch cam on the
 gale
 With a lang and a loud gaffa.

May ever ilke man in the land of Fyfe *every*
 Read what the drinkeris dree ; *suffer*
 And nevir curse his puir auld wyfe,
 Rychte wicked altho scho be. *she*

When ceased the minstrel's crazy song,
 His heedful glance embraced the throng,
 And found the smile of free delight
 Dimpling the cheeks of ladies bright.

Ah ! never yet was bard unmoved
When beauty smiled or birth approved.
For though his song he holds at nought—
“An idle strain ! a passing thought !”
Child of the soul ! 'tis held more dear
Than aught by mortals valued here.

When Leven's bard the Court had viewed,
His eye, his vigour, was renewed.
No, not the evening's closing eye
Veiled in the rainbow's deepest dye,
By summer breezes lulled to rest,
Cradled on Leven's silver breast,
Or slumbering on the distant sea,
Imparted sweeter ecstasy.

Nor even the angel of the night,
Kindling his holy sphere of light,
Afar upon the heaving deep,
To light a world of peaceful sleep,
Though in her beam night-spirits glanced,
And lovely fays in circles danced,
Or rank by rank rode lightly bye—
Was sweeter to our minstrel's eye.

Unheard the bird of morning crew ;
Unheard the breeze of Ocean blew ;
The night unweened had passed away,
And dawning ushered in the day.
The Queen's young maids, of cherub hue,
Aside the silken curtains drew,
And lo the Night, in still profound,
In fleece of heaven had clothed the ground ;

And still her furs, so light and fair,
Floated along the morning air.
Low stooped the pine amid the wood,
And the tall cliffs of Salisbury stood, *Salisbury Crags*
Like marble columns bent and riven,
Propping a pale and frowning heaven.

The Queen bent from her gilded chair,
And waved her hand with graceful air :
“Break up the court, my lords ; away !
And use the day as best ye may,
In sleep, in love, or wassail cheer ;
The day is dark, the evening near.
Say, will you grace my halls the while,
And in the dance the day beguile ?
Break up the Court, my lords ; away,
And use the day as best you may !
Give order that my minstrels true
Have royal fare and honours due ;
And warned by evening’s bugle shrill,
We meet to judge their minstrel skill.”

Whether that Royal Wake gave birth
To days of sleep and nights of mirth,
Which kings and courtiers still approve,
Which sages blame and ladies love,
Imports not ; but our courtly throng
(That chapel Wake being kept so long)
Slept out the lowering short-lived days,
And heard by night their native lays,
Till fell the eve of Christmas good,
The dedication of the rood.

Ah me ! at routs and revels gay,
Reproach of the unthrifty day,
Though none amongst the dames or men,
Rank higher than a citizen,
In chair or chariot all are borne,
Closed from the piercing eye of morn ;
But then, though dawning blasts were keen,
Scotland's high dames you might have seen,
Ere from the banquet hall they rose,
Shift their laced shoes and silken hose ;
Their broidered kirtles round them throw,
And wade their way through wreaths of snow,
Leaning on Lord or lover's arm,
Cheerful and reckless of all harm.
Vanished those hardy times outright ;
So is our ancient Scottish might.

Sweet be her home, admired her charms,
Bliss to her couch in lover's arms,
I bid in every minstrel's name,
I bid to every lovely dame
That ever gave one hour away
To cheer the bard or list his lay—

To all who love the raptures high
Of Scottish song and minstrelsy,
Till next the night in sable shroud
Shall wrap the halls of Holyrood,
That rival minstrels' songs I borrow—
I bid a hearty kind good-morrow.

NIGHT THE SECOND

Scarce fled the dawning's dubious gray,
So transient was that dismal day :
The lurid vapours, dense and stern,
Unpierced save by the crusted cairn,
In tenfold shroud the heavens deform ;
While far within the brooding storm
Travelled the sun in lonely blue,
And noontide wore a twilight hue.

The sprites that through the welkin wing,
That light and shade alternate bring,
That wrap the eve in dusky veil,
And weave the morning's purple rail,
From pendent clouds of deepest grain
Shed that dull twilight o'er the main.
Each spire, each tower, and cliff sublime,
Were hooded in the wreathy rime ;
And all, ere fell the murk of even,
Were lost within the folds of heaven.
It seemed as if the welkin's breast
Had bowed upon the world to rest,
As heaven and earth to close began,
And seal the destiny of man.

The supper bell at Court had rung ;
The mass was said, the vesper sung ;
In true devotion's sweetest mood
Beauty had kneeled before the rood ;
But all was done in secret guise,
Close from the zealot's searching eyes.

Then burst the bugle's lordly peal
Along the earth's incumbent veil,
Swam on the cloud and lingering shower
To festive hall and lady's bower ;
And found its way, with rapid boom,
To rocks far curtained in the gloom,
And waked their viewless bugle's strain,
That sung the softened notes again.

Upsprung the maid from her love-dream,
The matron from her silken seam,
The abbot from his holy shrine,
The chiefs and warriors from their wine :
For aye the bugle seemed to say,
" The Wake's begun. Away, away ! "

Fast poured they in, all fair and boon, *gay*
Till crowded was the grand saloon,
And scarce was left a little ring
In which the rival bards might sing.
First in the list that night to play
Was Farquhar, from the hills of Spey :
A gay and comely youth was he,
And seemed of noble pedigree.
Well known to him Loch-Avin's shore,
And all the glens of dark Glen-More ;
Where oft, amid his roving clan,
His shaft had pierced the ptarmigan ;
And oft the dun deer's velvet side
That winged shaft had ruthless dyed,
Had struck the heath-cock whirring high,
And brought the eagle from the sky ;

And he had dragged the scaly brood
From every Highland lake and flood.

Amid those scenes the youth was bred,
Where nature's eye is stern and dread,
'Mid forests dark and caverns wild,
And mountains above mountains piled,
Whose hoary summits, tempest-riven,
Uprear eternal snows to heaven.
In Cumbria's dells he too had staid,
Raving like one in trance that's laid
Of things which Nature gave not birth,
Of heavenly damsels born of earth,
Of pestilence and charnel den,
Of ships, and seas, and souls of men :
A moon-struck youth, by all confest
The dreamer of the watery West.
His locks were fair as sunny sky,
His cheek was ruddy, bright his eye ;
His speech was like the music's voice
Mixed with the cataract's swaying noise ;
His harp-strings sounded wild and deep,
With lulling swell and lordly sweep.

Aloof from battle's fierce alarms,
Prone his young mind to music's charms :
The cliffs and woods of dark Glen-More
He taught to chant in mystic lore ;
For well he weened, by tarn and hill,
Kind viewless spirits wandered still ;
And fondly trowed the groups to spy,
Listening his cliff-born melody.
On Leven's bard with scorn he looked,

His homely song he scarcely brooked ;
But proudly mounting on the form,
Thus sung *The Spirit of the Storm*.

GLEN-AVIN.

THE NINTH BARD'S SONG.

Beyond the grizzly cliffs which guard
The infant rills of Highland Dee,
Where hunter's horn was never heard,
Nor bugle of the forest bee ;

'Mid wastes that dorn and dreary lie, *hidden*
One mountain rears his mighty form,
Disturbs the moon in passing bye,
And smiles above the thunder-storm.

There Avin spreads her ample deep,
To mirror cliffs that brush the wain,
Whose frigid eyes eternal weep
In Summer suns and Autumn rain.

There matin hymn was never sung,
Nor vesper, save the plover's wail ;
But mountain eagles breed their young,
And aerial spirits ride the gale.

An hoary sage once lingered there,
Intent to prove some mystic scene ;
Though cavern deep, and forest sere,
Had whooped November's boisterous reign.

That noontide fell so stern and still,
The breath of nature seemed away ;
The distant sigh of mountain rill
Alone disturbed that solemn day.

Oft had that seer, at break of morn,
Beheld the fahm glide o'er the fell ; *mythical noxious*
And 'neath the new moon's silver horn *animal*
The fairies dancing in the dell.

Had seen the spirits of the Glen
In every form that Ossian knew ;
And wailings heard for living men
Were never more the light to view.

But, ah ! that dull foreboding day
He saw what mortal could not bear ;
A sight that scared the erne away, *eagle*
And drove the wild deer from his lair.

Firm in his magic ring he stood,
When, lo ! aloft on gray Cairn-Gorm
A form appeared that chilled his blood—
The giant Spirit of the Storm.

His face was like the spectre wan,
Slow gliding from the midnight isle ;
His stature, on the mighty plan
Of smoke-tower o'er the burning pile.

Red, red and grisly were his eyes,
His cap the moon-cloud's silver gray ;

His staff the writhed snake that lies
Pale, bending o'er the milky way.

He cried, "Away, begone, begone !
Half-naked, hoary, feeble form !
How dar'st thou seek my realms alone,
And brave the Angel of the Storm ?"

"And who art thou," the seer replied,
"That bear'st destruction on thy brow ?
Whose eye no mortal can abide ?
Dread mountain Spirit ! what art thou ?"

"Within this desert, dank and lone,
Since rolled the world a shoreless sea,
I've held my elemental throne,
The terror of thy race and thee.

"I wrap the sun of heaven in blood,
Veiling his orient beams of light,
And hide the moon in sable shroud,
Far in the alcove of the night.

"I ride the red bolt's rapid wing,
High on the sweeping whirlwind sail,
And list to hear my tempests sing
Around Glen-Avin's ample wale.

"These everlasting hills are riven ;
Their reverend heads are bald and gray ;
The Greenland waves salute the heaven,
And quench the burning stars with spray.

“ Who was it reared those whelming waves ?
Who scalped the brows of old Cairn-Gorm,
And scooped these ever-yawning caves ?
’Twas I—the Spirit of the Storm !

“ And hence shalt thou, for evermore,
Be doomed to ride the blast with me ;
To shriek, amid the tempest’s roar,
By fountain, ford, and forest tree.”

The wizard cowered him to the earth,
And orisons of dread began :
“ Hence, Spirit of infernal birth !
Thou enemy of God and man ! ”

He waved his sceptre north away,
The arctic ring was rift asunder ;
And through the heaven the startling bray
Burst louder than the loudest thunder.

The feathery clouds, condensed and curled,
In columns swept the quaking glen ;
Destruction down the dale was hurled,
O’er bleating flocks and wondering men.

The Grampians groaned beneath the
storm,
New mountains o’er the correis *hollows in hills*
leaned ;
Ben-Nevis shook his shaggy form,
And wondered what his Sovereign meant.

Even far on Yarrow's fairy dale
The shepherd paused in dumb dismay ;
There passing shrieks adown the vale
Lured many a pitying hind away. *farm-worker*

The Lowthers felt the tyrant's wrath,
Proud Hartfell quaked beneath his brand,
And Cheviot heard the cries of death,
Guarding his loved Northumberland.

But, O ! as fell that fateful night,
What horrors Avin wilds deform,
And choke the ghastly lingering light !
There whirled the vortex of the storm.

Ere morn the air grew deadly still,
And dawning in the air updrew
From many a shelve and shining hill
Her folding robe of fairy blue.

Then, what a smooth and wondrous scene
Hung o'er Loch-Avin's lonely breast !
Not top of tallest pine was seen
On which the dazzled eye could rest.

But mitred cliff and crested fell
In lucid curls her brows adorn,
Aloft the radiant crescents swell,
All pure as robes by angels worn.

Sound sleeps our seer, far from the day,
Beneath yon sleek and wreathed cone ;

His spirit steals, unmissed, away,
And dreams across the desert lone.

Sound sleeps our seer ; the tempests rave,
And cold sheets o'er his bosom fling ;
The moldwarp digs his mossy grave, *mole*
His requiem Avin eagles sing.

Why howls the fox above yon wreath
That mocks the blazing Summer sun ?
Why croaks the sable bird of death,
As hovering o'er yon desert dun ?

When circling years have passed away,
And Summer blooms in Avin-Glen,
Why stands yon peasant in dismay,
Still gazing o'er the bloated den ?

Green grows the grass, the bones are white ;
Not bones of mountain stag they seem ;
There hooted once the owl by night,
Above the dead-light's lambent beam.

See yon lone cairn, so gray with age,
Above the base of proud Cairn-Gorm :
There lies the dust of Avin's sage,
Who raised the Spirit of the Storm.

Yet still at eve, or midnight drear,
When wintry winds begin to sweep,
When passing shrieks assail the ear,
Or murmurs by the mountain steep ;

When from the dark and sedgy dells
Come eldritch cries of wildered men, *erie*
Or wind-harp at thy window swells—
Beware the sprite of Avin-Glen !

.

Young Farquhar ceased, and, rising slow,
Doffed his plumed bonnet, wiped his brow,
And, flushed with conscious dignity,
Cast o'er the crowd his falcon eye,
And found them all in silence deep,
As listening for the tempest's sweep.
So well his tale of Avin's seer
Suited the rigour of the year ;
So high his strain, so bold his lyre,
So fraught with rays of Celtic fire,
They almost weened each hum that past
The Spirit of the northern blast.

The next was named—the very sound
Excited merriment around.
But when the bard himself appeared,
The ladies smiled, the courtiers sneered ;
For such a simple air and mien
Before a court had never been.
A clown he was, bred in the wild,
And late from native moors exiled,
In hopes his mellow mountain strain
High favour from the great would gain.
Poor wight ! he never weened how hard
For poverty to earn regard !
Dejection o'er his visage ran,
His coat was bare, his colour wan,

His forest doublet darned and torn,
His shepherd plaid all rent and worn ;
Yet dear the symbols to his eye,
Memorials of a time gone bye.

The bard on Ettrick's mountain green
In Nature's bosom nursed had been,
And oft had marked in forest lone
Her beauties on her mountain throne ;
Had seen her deck the wild-wood tree,
And star with snowy gems the lea,
In loveliest colours paint the plain,
And sow the moor with purple grain ;
By golden mead and mountain sheer
Had viewed the Ettrick waving clear,
Where shadowy flocks of purest snow
Seemed grazing in a world below.

Instead of Ocean's billowy pride,
Where monsters play and navies ride,
Oft had he viewed, as morning rose,
The bosom of the lonely Lowes,
Plowed far by many a downy keel
Of wild-duck and of vagrant teal.
Oft thrilled his heart at close of even
To see the dappled vales of heaven,
And many a mountain, moor, and tree,
Asleep upon the Saint Mary ;
The pilot swan majestic wind,
With all his cygnet fleet behind,
So softly sail and swiftly row
With sable oar and silken prow.
Instead of war's unhallowed form

His eye had seen the thunder-storm
Descend within the mountain's brim,
And shroud him in its chambers grim ;
Then from its bowels burst amain
The sheeted flame and sounding rain,
And by the bolts in thunder borne
The heaven's own breast and mountain torn ;
The wild roe from the forest driven,
The oaks of ages peeled and riven,
Impending oceans whirl and boil,
Convulsed by Nature's grand turmoil.

Instead of arms or golden crest,
His harp with mimic flowers was drest ;
Around, in graceful streamers, fell
The briar-rose and the heather-bell ;
And there, his learning deep to prove,
Naturae donum graved above.
When o'er his mellow notes he ran,
And his wild mountain chant began,
Then first was noted in his eye
A gleam of native energy.

OLD DAVID.

THE TENTH BARD'S SONG.

Old David rose ere it was day,
And climbed old Wonfell's wizard brae ; *slope*
Looked round, with visage grim and sour,
O'er Ettrick woods and Eskdale-moor.
An outlaw from the south he came,

And Ludlow was his father's name ;
His native land had used him ill,
And Scotland bore him no good-will.

As fixed he stood, in sullen scorn,
Regardless of the streaks of morn,
Old David spied, on Wonfell cone,
A fairy band come riding on.
A lovelier troop was never seen ;
Their steeds were white, their doublets green,
Their faces shone like opening morn,
And bloomed like roses on the thorn.
At every flowing mane was hung
A silver bell that lightly rung ;
That sound, borne on the breeze away,
Oft set the mountaineer to pray.

Old David crept close in the heath,
Scarce moved a limb, scarce drew a breath ;
But as the tinkling sound drew nigh,
Old David's heart beat wondrous high.
He thought of riding on the wind,
Of leaving hawk and hern behind,
Of sailing lightly o'er the sea,
In mussel shell, to Germany ;
Of revel raids by dale and down,
Of lighting torches at the moon,
Or through the sounding spheres to sing,
Borne on the fiery meteor's wing ;
Of dancing 'neath the moonlight sky,
Of sleeping in the dew-cup's eye.
And then he thought—O ! dread to tell !—
Of tithes the fairies paid to hell.

David turned up a reverent eye,
And fixed it on the morning sky ;
He knew a mighty One lived there
That sometimes heard a warrior's prayer.
No word, save one, could David say ;
Old David had not learned to pray.

Scarce will a Scotsman yet regard
What David saw and what he heard.
He heard their horses snort and tread,
And every word the riders said ;
While green portmanteaus, long and low,
Lay bended o'er each saddle bow.
A lovely maiden rode between,
Whom David judged the Fairy Queen ;
But strange ! he heard her moans resound,
And saw her feet with fetters bound.

Fast spur they on through bush and brake ;
To Ettrick woods their course they take.
Old David followed still in view,
Till near the Lochilaw they drew ;
There, in a deep and wondrous dell,
Where wandering sunbeam never fell,
Where noontide breezes never blew,
From flowers to drink the morning dew ;
There, underneath the sylvan shade,
The fairies' spacious bower was made.
Its rampart was the tangling sloe,
The bending briar and mistletoe ;
And o'er its roof the crooked oak
Waved wildly from the frowning rock.

This wondrous bower, this haunted dell,
The forest shepherd shunned as hell.
When sound of fairies' silver horn
Came on the evening breezes borne,
Homeward he fled, nor made a stand,
Thinking the spirits hard at hand.
But when he heard the eldritch swell *erie*
Of giggling laugh and bridle bell,
Or saw the riders troop along,
His orisons were loud and strong,
His household fare he yielded free
To this mysterious company ;
The fairest maid his cot within
Resigned with awe and little din.
True he might weep, but nothing say,
For none durst say the fairies nay.

Old David hasted home that night,
A wondering and a wearied wight.
Seven sons he had, alert and keen,
Had all in Border battles been ;
Had wielded brand, and bent the bow,
For those who sought their overthrow.
Their hearts were true, their arms were strong,
Their faulchions keen, their arrows long ;
The race of fairies they denied—
No fairies kept on English side.

Our yeomen on their armour threw,
Their brands of steel and bows of yew,
Long arrows at their backs they sling,
Fledged from the Snowdon eagle's wing,

And boun' away brisk as the wind, *set forth*
The sire before, the sons behind.

That evening fell so sweetly still,
So mild on lonely moor and hill,
The little genii of the fell
Forsook the purple heather-bell,
And all their dripping beds of dew,
In wind-flower, thyme, and violet blue ;
Aloft their viewless looms they heave,
And dew-webs round the helmets weave.
The waning moon her lustre threw,
Pale round her throne of softened blue ;
Her circuit round the southland sky
Was languid, low, and quickly bye ;
Leaning on cloud so faint and fair,
And cradled on the golden air,
Modest and pale as maiden bride,
She sunk upon the trembling tide.

What late in daylight proved a jest
Was now the doubt of every breast.
That fairies *were*, was not disputed,
But *what* they were was greatly doubted.
Each argument was guarded well
With "if," and "should," and "who can tell?"

"Sure He that made majestic man,
And framed the world's stupendous plan,
Who placed on high the steady pole,
And sowed the stars that round it roll,
And made that sky, so large and blue—
Had power to make a fairy too."

Then sooth to say, each valiant core
Knew feelings never felt before.
Oft had they darned the midnight brake, *pierced*
Fearless of aught save bog and lake ;
But now the nod of sapling fir,
The heath-cock's loud exulting whirr,
The cry of hern from sedgy pool,
Or airy bleeter's rolling howl, *cock-snip*
Came fraught with more dismaying dread
Than warder's horn, or warrior's tread.

Just as the gloom of midnight fell
They reached the fairies' lonely dell.
O Heavens ! that dell was dark as death.
Perhaps the pit-fall yawned beneath.
Perhaps that lane that winded low
Led to a nether world of woe.
But stern necessity's control
Resistless sways the human soul.

The bows are bent, the tinders smoke
With fire by sword struck from the rock.
Old David held the torch before ;
His right hand heaved a dread claymore,
Whose Rippon edge he meant to try
On the first fairy met his eye.
Above his head his brand was raised,
Above his head the taper blazed ;
A sterner or a ghastlier sight
Ne'er entered bower at dead of night.
Below each lifted arm was seen
The barbed point of arrow keen,
Which waited but the twang of bow

To fly like lightning on the foe.
Slow move they on, with steady eye,
Resolved to conquer or to die.

At length they spied a massive door,
Deep in a nook, unseen before ;
And by it slept, on wicker chair,
A sprite of dreadful form and air.
His grisly beard flowed round his throat
Like shaggy hair of mountain goat.
His open jaws and visage grim,
His half-shut eye so deadly dim,
Made David's blood to bosom rush,
And his grey hair his helmet brush.
He squared, and made his faulchion wheel
Around his back from head to heel ;
Then, rising tiptoe, struck amain—
Down fell the sleeper's head in twain ;
And springing blood, in veil of smoke,
Whizzed high against the bending oak.

“By Heaven !” said George, with jocund air,
“Father, if all the fairies there
Are of the same material made,
Let them beware the Rippon blade !”
A ghastly smile was seen to play
O'er David's visage, stern and gray ;
He hoped and feared ; but ne'er till then
Knew whether he fought with sprites or men.

The massy door they next unlock,
That oped to hall beneath the rock,
In which new wonders met the eye :

The room was ample, rude, and high ;
The arches caverned, dark, and torn,
On Nature's rifted columns borne ;
Of moulding rude the embrasure,
And all the wild entablature ;
And far o'er roof and architrave,
The ivy's ringlets bend and wave.
In each abrupt recess was seen
A couch of heath and rushes green ;
While every alcove's sombre hue
Was gemmed with drops of midnight dew.

Why stand our heroes still as death,
Nor muscle move, nor heave a breath ?
See how the sire his torch has lowered,
And bends recumbent o'er his sword !
The arcubalister has thrown
His threatening, thirsty arrows down.
Struck in one moment, all the band
Enranced like moveless statues stand.
Enchantment sure arrests the spear,
And stints the warrior's bold career.

List, list, what mellow angel-sound
Distils from yonder gloom profound !
'Tis not the note of gathering shell,
Of fairy horn, nor silver bell.
No, 'tis the lute's mellifluous swell,
Mixed with a maiden's voice so clear,
The flitting bats flock round to hear.

So wildly o'er the vault it rung,
That song, if in the green-wood sung,

Would draw the fays of wood and plain
 To kiss the lips that poured the strain.
 The lofty pine would listening lean,
 The wild birch wave her tresses green,
 And larks that rose the dawn to greet
 Drop lifeless at the singer's feet.
 The air was old, the measure slow,
 The words were plain, but words of woe.

Soft died the strain ; the warriors stand,
 Nor rested lance, nor lifted brand,
 But listening bend, in hopes again
 To hear that sweetly plaintive strain.
 'Tis gone ! and each uplifts his eye,
 As waked from dream of ecstasy.

Why stoops young Owen's gilded crest ?
 Why heave those groans from Owen's breast ?
 While kinsmen's eyes in rapture speak,
 Why steals the tear o'er Owen's cheek ?
 That melting song, that song of pain,
 Was sung to Owen's favourite strain ;
 The words were new, but that sweet lay
 Had Owen heard in happier day.

Fast press they on ; in close-set row,
 Winded the lab'rinth far and low,
 Till, in the cave's extremest bound,
 Arrayed in sea-green silk they found
 Five beauteous dames, all fair and young ;
 And she, who late so sweetly sung,
 Sat leaning o'er a silver lute,
 Pale with despair, with terror mute.

When back her auburn locks she threw,
And raised her eyes so lovely blue,
'Twas like the woodland rose in dew ;
That look was soft as morning flower,
And mild as sunbeam through the shower.
Old David gazed, and weened the while
He saw a suffering angel smile,
Weened he had heard a seraph sing,
And sounds of a celestial string.
But when young Owen met her view,
She shrieked, and to his bosom flew :
For oft before, in Moodlaw bowers,
They two had passed the evening hours.
She was the loveliest mountain maid
That e'er by grove or riv'let strayed ;
Old Raeburn's child, the fairest flower
That ever bloomed in Eskdale-moor ;
'Twas she the sire that morn had seen,
And judged to be the Fairy Queen ;
'Twas she who framed the artless lay
That stopt the warriors on their way.

Close to her lover's breast she clung,
And round his neck enraptured hung :
"O my dear Owen, haste and tell
What caused you dare this lonely dell,
And seek your maid, at midnight still,
Deep in the bowels of the hill ?
Here in this dark and drear abode,
By all deserted but my God,
Must I have reft the life he gave,
Or lived in shame a villain's slave.
I was, at midnight's murkest hour,

darkest

Stole from my father's stately tower,
And never thought again to view
The sun or sky's ethereal blue ;
But since the first of Border-men
Has found me in this dismal den,
I to his arms for shelter fly,
With him to live, or with him die."

How glowed brave Owen's manly face,
While in that lady's kind embrace !
Warm tears of joy his utterance staid—
"O, my loved Ann !" was all he said.
Though well they loved, her high estate
Caused Owen aye aloof to wait,
And watch her bower, beside the rill,
When twilight rocked the breezes still,
And waked the music of the grove
To hymn the vesper song of love.
Then underneath the green-wood bough
Oft had they breathed the tender vow.

With Ann of Raeburn here they found
The flowers of all the Border round,
From whom the strangest tale they hear
That e'er astounded warrior's ear ;
'Twould make even Superstition blush,
And all her tales of spirits hush.

That night the spoilers ranged the vale,
By Dryhope towers and Meggat-dale ;
Ah ! little trowed the fraudulent train
They ne'er should see their wealth again,
Their lemans, and their mighty store,

For which they nightly toils had bore
Full twenty Autumn moons and more.
They little deemed, when morning dawned,
To meet the deadly Rippon brand,
And only find, at their return,
In their loved cave an early urn.
Ill suits it simple bard to tell
Of bloody work that here befell :
He lists not deeds of death to sing,
Of splintered spear and twanging string,
Of piercing arrow's purpled wing,
How faulchions flash and helmets ring.
Not one of all that prowling band,
So long the terror of the land,
Not one escaped their deeds to tell ;
All in the winding lab'rinth fell.
The spoil was from the cave conveyed,
Where in a heap the dead were laid ;
The outer cave our yeomen fill,
And left them in the hollow hill.

But still that dell, and bourn beneath,
The forest shepherd dreads as death.
Not there at evening dares he stray,
Though love impatient points the way,
Though throbs his heart the maid to see
That's waiting by the trysting tree.

Even the old sire, so reverend gray,
Ere turns the scale of night and day,
Oft breathes the short and ardent prayer
That heaven may guard his footsteps there ;
His eyes, meantime, so dim with dread,

Scarce ken the turf his foot must tread.
For still 'tis told, and still believed,
That there the spirits were deceived,
And maidens from their grasp retrieved :
That this they still preserve in mind,
And watch, when sighs the midnight wind,
To reckon their rage on humankind. *wreak*

Old David, for this doughty raid,
Was keeper of the forest made ;
A trooper he of gallant fame,
And first of all the Laidlaw name.

E'er since, in Ettrick's glens so green,
Spirits, though rare, are seldom seen,
And fears of elf, and fairy raid,
Have like a morning dream decayed ;
The bare-foot maid, of rosy hue,
Dares from the heath-flower brush the dew
To meet her love in moon-light still,
By flowery den or tinkling rill ;
And well dares she till midnight stay
Among the coils of fragrant hay.

True, some weak shepherds, gone astray,
As fell the dusk of Hallow-day,
Have heard the tinkling sound aloof
And gentle tread of horse's hoof,
And flying swifter than the wind,
Left all their scattered flocks behind.

True, when the evening tales are told,
When winter nights are dark and cold,

The boy dares not to barn repair
Alone, to say his evening prayer ;
Nor dare the maiden ope the door,
Unless her lover walk before ;
Then well can counterfeit the fright,
If star-beam on the water light,
And to his breast in terror cling,
For "such a dread and dangerous thing !"

O, Ettrick ! shelter of my youth !
Thou sweetest glen of all the south !
Thy fairy tales, and songs of yore,
Shall never fire my bosom more.
Thy winding glades and mountains wild,
The scenes that pleased me when a child,
Each verdant vale and flowery lea,
Still in my midnight dreams I see,
And waking oft, I sigh for thee ;
The hapless bard, though forced to roam,
Afar from thee without a home,
Still there his glowing breast shall turn,
Till thy green bosom fold his urn ;
Then, underneath thy mountain stone,
Shall sleep unnoticed and unknown.

When ceased the shepherd's simple lay,
With careless mien he lounged away ;
No bow he deigned, nor anxious looked
How the gay throng their minstrel brooked.
No doubt within his bosom grew
That to his skill the prize was due.
Well might he hope, for while he sung,

Louder and louder plaudits rung ;
And when he ceased his numbers wild,
Fair Royalty approved and smiled.
Long had the bard, with hopes elate,
Sung to the low, the gay, the great ;
And once had dared, at flatterer's call,
To tune his harp in Branhholm hall ;
But nor his notes of soothing sound,
Nor zealous word of bard renowned,
Might those persuade that worth could be
Inherent in such mean degree.
But when the smile of Sovereign fair
Attested genuine nature there,
Throbb'd high with rapture every breast,
And all his merit stood confest.

Different the next the herald named ;
Warrior he was, in battle maimed,
When Lennox, on the downs of Kyle,
O'erthrew Maconnel and Argyle.
Unable more the sword to wield
With dark Clan-Alpine in the field,
Or rouse the dun deer from her den
With fierce Macfarlane and his men,
He strove to earn a minstrel name,
And fondly nursed the sacred flame.
Warm was his heart, and bold his strain ;
Wild fancies in his moody brain
Gambolled, unbridled and unbound,
Lured by a shade, decoyed by sound.

In tender age, when mind was free,
As standing by his nurse's knee,

He heard a tale, so passing strange,
Of injured spirit's cool revenge,
It chilled his heart with blasting dread,
Which never more that bosom fled.
When passion's flush had fled his eye,
And gray hairs told that youth was bye,
Still quaked his heart at bush or stone,
As wandering in the gloom alone.

Where foxes roam and eagles rave,
And dark woods round Ben-Lomond wave,
Once on a night, a night of dread,
He held convention with the dead ;
Brought warnings to the house of death,
And tidings from a world beneath.

Loud blew the blast—the evening came,
The way was long, the minstrel lame ;
The mountain's side was dorn with *thick or dark*
oak,
Darkened with pine and ribbed with rock ;
Blue billows round its base were driven,
Its top was steeped in waves of heaven.
The wood, the wind, the billows' moan,
All spoke in language of their own,
But too well to our minstrel known.
Wearied, bewildered, in amaze,
Hymning in heart the Virgin's praise,
A cross he framed of birchen bough,
And 'neath that cross he laid him low ;
Hid by the heath and Highland plaid,
His old harp in his bosom laid.
O ! when the winds that wandered by

Sung on her breast their lullaby,
How thrilled the tones his bosom through,
And deeper, holier, poured his vow.

No sleep was his—he raised his eye,
To note if dangerous place was nigh.
There columned rocks, abrupt and rude,
Hung o'er his gateless solitude ;
The muffled sloe and tangling brier
Precluded freak or entrance here ;
But yonder oped a little path,
O'ershadowed, deep, and dark as death.
Trembling, he groped around his lair
For mountain ash, but none was there.
Teeming with forms, his terror grew ;
Heedful he watched, for well he knew
That in that dark and devious dell
Some lingering ghost or sprite must dwell.
So as he trowed, so it befell.

The stars were wrapt in curtain gray,
The blast of midnight died away ;
'Twas just the hour of solemn dread
When walk the spirits of the dead :
Rustled the leaves with gentle motion,
Groaned his chill soul in deep devotion.
The lake-fowl's wake was heard no more,
The wave forgot to brush the shore ;
Hushed was the bleat on moor and hill,
The wandering clouds of heaven stood still.

What heart could bear, what eye could meet
The spirits in their lone retreat ?

Rustled again the darksome dell ;
Straight on the minstrel's vision fell
A trembling and unwonted light
That showed the phantoms to his sight.

Came first a slender female form
Pale as the moon in Winter storm ;
A babe of sweet simplicity
Clung to her breast as pale as she,
And aye she sung its lullaby,
That cradle-song of the phantom's child,
O ! but it was soothing, holy, and wild.
But, O ! that song can ill be sung
By Lowland bard or Lowland tongue.

THE SPECTRE'S CRADLE SONG.

Hush, my bonny babe ! hush, and be still !
Thy mother's arms shall shield thee from ill.
Far have I borne thee, in sorrow and pain,
To drink the breeze of the world again.
The dew shall moisten thy brow so meek,
And the breeze of midnight fan thy cheek,
And soon shall we rest in the bow of *curse*
the hill ;
Hush, my bonny babe ! hush, and be still !
For thee have I travelled, in weakness and woe,
The world above and the world below.
My heart was soft, and it fell in the snare :
Thy father was cruel, but thou wert fair.
I sinned, I sorrowed, I died for thee ;
Smile, my bonny babe ! smile on me !

See yon thick clouds of murky hue,
Yon star that peeps from its window blue
Above yon clouds that wander far ;
Away, above yon little star,
There's a home of peace that shall soon be thine,
And there shalt thou see thy Father and mine.
The flowers of the world shall bud and decay,
The trees of the forest be weeded away,
But there shalt *thou* bloom for ever and aye.
The time will come, I shall follow thee,
But long, long hence that time shall be :
O weep not thou for thy mother's ill ;
Hush, my bonny babe ! hush, and be still !

Slow moved she on with dignity,
Nor bush, nor brake, nor rock, nor tree,
Her footsteps staid—o'er cliff so bold,
Where scarce the roe her foot could hold,
Stately she wandered, firm and free,
Singing her softened lullaby.

Three naked phantoms next came on,
They beckoned low, passed and were gone ;
Then came a troop of sheeted dead,
With shade of chieftain at their head,
And with our bard, in brake forlorn,
Held converse till the break of morn.
Their ghostly rites, their looks, their mould,
Or words to man, he never told ;
But much he learned of mystery,
Of what was past, and what should be.
Thenceforth he troubles oft divined,

And scarcely held his perfect mind ;
Yet still the song, admired when young,
He loved, and that in Court he sung.

THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

THE ELEVENTH BARD'S SONG.

“Macgregor, Macgregor, remember our foemen ;
The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond ;
The clans are impatient, and chide thy delay ;
Arise, let us bound to Glen-Lyon away.”

Stern scowled the Macgregor, then, silent and sullen,
He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan ;
“Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed !
The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest.”

“Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying
Three days round the hills of M'Nab and Glen-Lyon ;
Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
We must meet them at home, else they'll quickly be
here.”

“The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him,
And haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him ;
This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,
And do what it freezes my vitals to say.
Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind ;
Thou knowest in the strife I was never behind,
Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man :

But I've sworn by the cross, by my God, and my all,
 An oath which I cannot and dare not recall—
 Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,
 To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

“Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,
 I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,
 When entered a lady, with visage so wan,
 And looks such as never were fastened on man.
 I knew her, O brother ! I knew her too well.
 Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell
 As would thrill thy bold heart ; but how long she
 remained,
 So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,
 I knew not—but ages seemed short to the while.
 Though proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle,
 With length of existence no man can enjoy,
 The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly.
 The thrice-threatened pangs of last night to forego,
 Macgregor would dive to the mansions below.
 Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
 The present to shun, and some respite to find,
 I swore, ere the shadows fell east from the pile,
 To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

“She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a
 stone—
 The glory and name of Macgregor were gone :
 That the pine, which for ages had shed a bright halo
 Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
 Should wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon,
 Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun :

That a feast on Macgregors each day should be common
For years to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

“ A parting embrace in one moment she gave :
Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave ;
Then flitting elusive, she said, with a frown,
‘ The Mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own.’ ”

“ Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind ;
The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind.
Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field—
See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield !
Ay, that was M‘Nab, in the height of his pride,
When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.
This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue ;
Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood will glue ;
Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring.”

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the
night
Macgregor’s red eye shed one sparkle of light :
It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed—
“ No ! not for the universe ! ” low he replied.

Away went Macgregor, but went not alone ;
To watch the dread rendezvous Malcolm has gone.
They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,
And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene !
O’er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching,
 The moon the blue zenith already was touching ;
 No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
 No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill :
 Young Malcolm at distance couched, trembling the
 while—
 Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had passed ere they spied in the stream
 A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem ;
 Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
 The glow-worm her wake-light, the rainbow her
 boom ;
 A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
 Like wold-fire, at midnight, that glares on the waste.
 Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
 No torrent, no rock, her velocity staid ;
 She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
 And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.
 Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the glen,
 The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,
 Fled panting away, over river and isle,
 Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.

The fox fled in terror ; the eagle awoke,
 As slumbering he dozed on the shelf of the rock ;
 Astonished, to hide in the moon-beam he flew,
 And screwed the night-heaven till lost in the blue.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
 The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
 He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
 As begging for something he could not obtain ;

She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side ;
“Macgregor ! Macgregor !” he bitterly cried ;
“Macgregor ! Macgregor !” the echoes replied.
He struck at the lady, but, strange though it seem,
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream ;
But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away—
Macgregor is vanished for ever and aye !

.

Abrupt as glance of morning sun,
The bard of Lomond's lay is done.
Loves not the swain, from path of dew,
At morn the golden orb to view
Rise broad and yellow from the main,
While scarce a shadow lines the plain ;
Well knows he then the gathering cloud
Shall all his noontide glories shroud.
Like smile of morn before the rain
Appeared the minstrel's mounting strain.
As easy inexperienced hind,
Who sees not coming rains and wind,
The beacon of the dawning hour,
Nor notes the blink before the shower,
Astonished, 'mid his open grain,
Sees round him pour the sudden rain—
So looked the still attentive throng,
When closed at once Macfarlane's song.

Time was it—when he 'gan to tell
Of spectre stern and barge of hell,
Loud, and more loud, the minstrel sung,
Loud, and more loud, the chords he rung ;
Wild grew his looks, for well he knew
The scene was dread, the tale was true ;
And here Loch-Ketturine's wave was won,
Faltered his voice, his breath was done.
He raised his brown hand to his brow,
To veil his eye's enraptured glow,
Flung back his locks of silver gray,
Lifted his crutch, and limped away.

The bard of Clyde stepped next in view ;
Tall was his form, his harp was new,
Brightened his dark eye as he sung,
A stammer fluttered on his tongue ;
A captain in the wars was he,
And sprung of noble pedigree.

EARL WALTER.

THE TWELFTH BARD'S SONG.

“ What makes Earl Walter pace the wood
In the wan light of the moon ?
Why altered is Earl Walter's mood
So strangely and so soon ? ”

“ It is his lot to fight a knight
Whom man could never tame,

To-morrow, in his Sovereign's sight,
Or bear perpetual shame."

"Go warn the Clyde, go warn the Ayr,
Go warn then suddenly,
If none will fight for Earl Walter,
Some one may fight for me."

"Now hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
Now hold your tongue for shame !
For never shall my son Walter
Disgrace his father's name.

"Shall ladies tell, and minstrels sing,
How lord of Scottish blood
By proxy fought before his King ?
No, never ! by the rood !"

X Earl Walter rose ere it was day,
For battle made him boun' ; *ready*
Earl Walter mounted his bonny gray,
And rode to Stirling town.

Old Hamilton from the tower came down.
"Go saddle a steed for me,
And I'll away to Stirling town
This deadly bout to see.

— "Mine eye is dim, my locks are gray,
My cheek is furred and wan ;
Ah, me ! but I have seen the day
I feared not single man.

"Bring me my steed," said Hamilton ;

"Darcie his vaunts may rue ;

Whoever slays my only son

Must fight the father too.

"Whoever fights my noble son

May foine the best he can ;

fence X

Whoever braves Wat Hamilton

Shall know he braves a man."

And there was riding in belt and brand,

And running o'er holt and lea ;

For all the lords of fair Scotland

Came there the fight to see.

And squire, and groom, and baron bold,

Trooping in thousands came,

And many a hind, and warrior old,

servant

And many a lovely dame.

When good Earl Walter rode the ring

Upon his mettled gray,

There was none so ready as our good King

To bid that Earl good day.

For one so gallant and so young,

Oh ! many a heart beat high ;

And no fair eye in all the throng,

Nor rosy cheek, was dry.

But up then spoke the King's daughter,

Fair Margaret was her name—

"If we should lose brave Earl Walter,
My sire is sore to blame.

"Forbid the fight, my liege, I pray,
Upon my bended knee."

"Daughter, I'm loth to say you nay ;
It cannot, must not be."

"Proclaim it round," the princess cried,
"Proclaim it suddenly ;
If none will fight for Earl Walter,
Some one may fight for me.

"In Douglas-dale I have a tower,
With many a holm and hill,
I'll give them all, and ten times more,
To him will Darcie kill."

But up then spoke old Hamilton,
And doffed his bonnet blue ;
In his sunk eye the tear-drop shone,
And his gray locks o'er it flew :

"Cease, cease, thou lovely royal maid,
Small cause hast thou for pain ;
Wat Hamilton shall have no aid
'Gainst lord of France or Spain.

"I love my boy, but should he fly,
Or other for him fight,
Heaven grant that first his parent's eye
May set in endless night !"

*a parody then begins
to p. 116*

Young Margaret blushed, her weeping staid,
And quietly looked on :
Now Margaret was the fairest maid
On whom the daylight shone.

Her eye was like the star of love
That blinks across the evening dun ;
The locks that waved that eye above
Like light clouds curling round the sun.

When Darcie entered in the ring,
A shudder round the circle flew :
Like men who from a serpent spring
They startled at the view.

His look so fierce, his crest so high,
His belts and bands of gold,
And the glances of his charger's eye
Were dreadful to behold.

But when he saw Earl Walter's face,
So rosy and so young,
He frowned, and sneered with haughty grace,
And round disdainful flung.

"What, dost thou turn my skill to sport,
And break thy jests on me ?
Think'st thou I sought the Scottish Court
To play with boys like thee ?

"Fond youth, go home, and learn to ride ;
For pity, get thee gone ;

Tilt with the boys and girls of Clyde,
And boast of what thou'st done.

“If Darcie's spear but touch thy breast,
It flies thy body through ;
If Darcie's sword come o'er thy crest,
It cleaves thy head in two.”

“I came not here to vaunt, Darcie,
I came not here to scold ;
It ill befits a knight like thee
Such proud discourse to hold.

“To-morrow boast, amid the throng,
Of deed which thou hast done ;
To-day restrain thy saucy tongue ;
Rude blusterer, come on !”

Rip went the spurs in either steed,
To different posts they sprung ;
Quivered each spear o'er charger's head,
Forward each warrior hung.

The horn blew once—the horn blew twice—
Oh ! many a heart beat high ;
'Twas silence all—the horn blew thrice—
Dazzled was every eye.

Hast thou not seen from heaven, in ire,
The eagle swift descend ?
Hast thou not seen the sheeted fire
The lowering darkness rend ?

Not faster glides the eagle gray
Adown the yielding wind ;
Not faster bears the bolt away,
Leaving the storm behind,

Than flew the warriors on their way,
With full suspended breath ;
Than flew the warriors on their way
Across the field of death.

So fierce the shock, so loud the clang,
The gleams of fire were seen ;
The rocks and towers of Stirling rang,
And the red blood fell between.

Earl Walter's gray was borne aside,
Lord Darcie's black held on.
"Oh ! ever alack," fair Margaret cried,
"The brave Earl Walter's gone !"
"Oh ! ever alack," the King replied,
"That ever the deed was done !"

Earl Walter's broken corslet doffed,
He turned with lightened eye ;
His glancing spear he raised aloft,
And seemed to threat the sky.

Lord Darcie's spear, aimed at his breast,
He parried dext'rously ;
Then caught him rudely by the waist,
Saying, "Warrior, come with me !"

Lord Darcie drew, Lord Darcie threw,
But threw and drew in vain ;
Lord Darcie drew, Lord Darcie threw,
And spurred his black amain.

Down came Lord Darcie, casque and brand,
Loud rattled on the clay,
Down came Earl Walter ; hand in hand,
And head to head they lay.

Lord Darcie's steed turned to his lord,
And trembling stood behind ;
But off Earl Walter's dapple scoured,
Far fleeter than the wind ;
Nor stop, nor stay, nor gate, nor ford,
Could make her look behind.

O'er holt, o'er hill, o'er slope and slack, *hollow*
She sought her native stall ;
She liked not Darcie's doughty black,
Nor Darcie's spear at all.

"Even go thy ways !" Earl Walter cried,
"Since better may not be ;
I'll trust my life with weapon tried,
But never again with thee.

"Rise up, Lord Darcie, say thy brand, *try*
And fling thy mail away !
For foot to foot, and hand to hand,
We'll now decide the day."

So said, so done ; their helms they flung,
Their doublets linked and sheen ;
And hauberk, armlet, cuirass, rung
Promiscuous on the green.

“Now, Darcie ! now thy dreaded name,
That oft has chilled a foe,
Thy hard-earned honours and thy fame
Depend on every blow.

“Sharp be thine eye and firm thy hand,
Thy heart unmoved remain ;
For never was the Scottish brand
Upreared, and reared in vain.”

“Now do thy best, young Hamilton,
Rewarded shalt thou be ;
Thy King, thy country, and thy kin,
All, all depend on thee !

“Thy father’s heart yearns for his son,
The ladies’ cheeks grow wan ;
Wat Hamilton ! Wat Hamilton !
Now prove thyself a man !”

What makes Lord Darcie shift and dance
So fast around the plain ?
What makes Lord Darcie strike and lance
As passion fired his brain ?

“Lay on, lay on !” said Hamilton,
“Thou bear’st thee boist’rously ;

If thou shouldst pelt till day be done,
Thy weapon I defy."

What makes Lord Darcie shift and wear
So fast around the plain?
Why are Lord Darcie's hollands fair
All striped with crimson grain?

The first blow that Earl Walter made,
He clove his whiskered chin.
"Beshrew my heart!" Lord Darcie said,
"We sharply do begin."

The next blow that Earl Walter made
Quite through the gare it ran. *cloth*
"Now, by my faith!" Lord Darcie said,
"That's stricken like a man."

The third blow that Earl Walter made,
It pierced his lordly side.
"Now, by my troth!" Lord Darcie said,
"Thy marks are ill to bide."

Lord Darcie's sword he forced a-hight,
And tripped him on the plain.
"O, ever alack!" then cried the knight,
"I ne'er shall rise again."

When good Earl Walter saw he grew
So pale, and lay so low,
Away his brace of swords he threw,
And raised his fainting foe.

Then rang the list with shouts of joy,
Loud and more loud they grew,
And many a bonnet to the sky
And many a coif they threw.

The tear stood in the father's eye,
He wiped his aged brow ;
" Give me thy hand, my gallant boy !
I knew thee not till now.

" My liege, my King, this is my son
Whom I present to thee ;
Nor would I change Wat Hamilton
For all the lads I see."

" Welcome, my friend and warrior old !
This gallant son of thine
Is much too good for baron bold,
He must be son of mine.

King speaks

" For he shall wed my daughter dear,
The flower of fair Scotland ;
The badge of honour he shall wear,
And sit at my right hand.

" And he shall have the lands of Kyle,
And royal bounds of Clyde ;
And he shall have all Arran's Isle
To dower his royal bride."

The princess smiled, and sore was flushed,
O, but her heart was fain ;

And aye her cheek of beauty blushed
Like rose-bud in the rain.

From this the Hamiltons of Clyde
Their royal lineage draw ;
And thus was won the fairest bride
That Scotland ever saw.

When ceased the lay, the plaudits rung,
Not for the bard, or song he sung ;
But every eye with pleasure shone,
And cast its smiles on one alone—
That one was princely Hamilton.
And well the gallant chief approved
The bard who sung of sire beloved.
And pleased were all the court to see
The minstrel hailed so courteously.

Again is every courtier's gaze
Speaking suspense and deep amaze ;
The bard was stately, dark and stern—
'Twas Drummond from the moors of Ern.
Tall was his frame, his forehead high,
Still and mysterious was his eye ;
His look was like a winter day,
When storms and winds have sunk away.

Well versed was he in holy lore ;
In cloistered dome the cowl he wore ;
But, wearied with the eternal strain
Of formal breviats, cold and vain,

He wooed, in depth of Highland dale,
The silver spring and mountain gale.

In gray Glen-Ample's forest deep,
Hid from the rains and tempests' sweep,
In bosom of an aged wood
His solitary cottage stood.
Its walls were bastioned, dark and dorn, *secret*
Dark was its roof of filmot fern,
And dark the vista down the linn, *waterfall*
But all was love and peace within.
Religion, man's first friend and best,
Was in that home a constant guest ;
There, sweetly, every morn and even,
Warm orisons were poured to Heaven :
And every cliff Glen-Ample knew,
And green-wood on her banks that grew,
In answer to his bounding string
Had learned the hymns of Heaven to sing ;
With many a song of mystic lore,
Rude as when sung in days of yore.

His were the snowy flocks that strayed
Adown Glen-Airtney's forest glade ;
And his the goat and chestnut hind
Where proud Ben-Vorlich cleaves the wind :
There oft, when suns of summer shone,
The bard would sit, and muse alone
Of innocence expelled by men,
Of nature's fair and wondrous plan,
Of the eternal throne sublime,
Of visions seen in ancient time,
Till his rapt soul would leave her home

In visionary worlds to roam.
 Then would the mists that wandered bye
 Seem hovering spirits to his eye ;
 Then would the breeze's whistling sweep,
 Soft lulling in the cavern deep,
 Seem to the enthusiast's dreaming ear
 The words of spirits whispered near.

Loathed his firm soul the measured chime
 And florid films of modern rhyme ;
 No other lays became his tongue
 But those his rude forefathers sung.
 And when, by wandering minstrel warned,
 The mandate of his Queen he learned,
 So much he prized the ancient strain,
 High hopes had he the prize to gain.
 With modest, yet majestic mien,
 He tuned his harp of solemn strain :
 O list the tale, ye fair and young,
 A lay so strange was never sung.

KILMENY.

THE THIRTEENTH BARD'S SONG.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen, *went*
 But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
 Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
 It was only to hear the yorlin sing, *yellow-hammer*
 And pu' the cress-flower round the *pull*
 spring,

The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hang frae the hazel
tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er *mother,*
the wa', *wall*
And lang may she seek i' the green-
wood shaw; *plantation*
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come *weep, ere*
hame.

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm and hope was
dead,
When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been *mass*
sung,
When the bedes-man had prayed, and
the dead bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin when all was *twilight*
still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin
hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the
wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the *smoke*
plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its
lane; *alone*
When the ingle lowed with an eiry *fire glowed*
leme, *flame*
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny
came hame.

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have
you been ?

Lang hae we sought baith holt and den ;
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree, *waterfall*
Yet you are halesome and fair to see. *wholesome*
Where gat you that joup o' the lily *bunch*
scheen ?

That bonny snood o' the birk sae green? *maiden hair-tie, birch*
And these roses, the fairest that ever
were seen ?

Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you
been ? "

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely
grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's
face ;
As still was her look, and as still was
her ee *eye*
As the stillness that lay on the emerant *emerald*
lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless
sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not
where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could
not declare ;
Kilmeny had been where the cock
never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind
never blew ;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky
had rung,

And the airs of heaven played round
 her tongue,
 When she spake of the lovely forms
 she had seen,
 And a land where sin had never been ;
 A land of love, and a land of light,
 Withouten sun, or moon, or night ;
 Where the river swa'd a living stream, *flowed*
 And the light a pure celestial beam ;
 The land of vision it would seem,
 A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a waik, *moist grassy place*
 And in that waik there is a wene, *(P) weem, subter-*
 And in that wene there is a *ranean dwelling*
 maik, *companion*
 That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane ; *bone*
 And down in yon green-wood he
 walks his lane. *alone*

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
 Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets *covered*
 gay ;
 But the air was soft and the silence
 deep,
 And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
 She kend nae mair, nor opened her *knew no more*
 ee,
 Till waked by the hymns of a far
 countrye.

She wakened on a couch of the silk
 sae slim,

All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's
rim ;

And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life ;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer *ast*
"What spirit has brought this mortal
here ?"

"Lang have I journeyed the world
wide,"

A meek and reverend fere replied ; *fairy*

"Baith night and day I have watched
the fair,

Eident a thousand years and mair. *Industrious*

Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree, *every*

Wherever blooms feminitye ;

But sinless virgin, free of stain

In mind and body, fand I nane, *found*

Never, since the banquet of time,

Found I a virgin in her prime,

Till late this bonny maiden I saw

As spotless as the morning snaw :

Full twenty years she has lived as free

As the spirits that sojourn in this
countrye ;

I have brought her away frae the snares
of men,

That sin or death she may never ken."

They clasped her waist and her
hands sae fair,

They kissed her cheek, and they kemed *combed*
her hair,

And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're wel-
come here !

Women are freed of the littand scorn ; *blushing*
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was
born !

Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may
be.

Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world
we've gane,

Commissioned to watch fair woman-
kind,

For it's they who nurice the immortal *nurse*
mind.

We have watched their steps as the
dawning shone,

And deep in the green-wood walks
alone ;

By lily bower and silken bed,

The viewless tears have o'er them
shed ;

Have soothed their ardent minds to
sleep,

Or left the couch of love to weep.

We have seen, we have seen. But the
time must come,

And the angels will weep at the day
of doom.

"O, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,

That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious
 ee,
And grieve for the guilt of humanity!
O, sweet to heaven the maiden's
 prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae
 fair!
And dear to Heaven the words of
 truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's
 mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of the
 air
The minds that kythe as the body fair! *are equally*

“O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,
O, tell of the joys that are waiting
 here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly
 see,
Of the times that are now, and the
 times that shall be!”

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her
 away,
And she walked in the light of a sun-
 less day:
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision and fountain of
 light:

The emerald fields were of dazzling
 glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they
 laid,
That her youth and beauty never
 might fade ;
And they smiled on heaven when they
 saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered
 bye.
And she heard a song, she heard it
 sung,
She kend not where ; but sae sweetly
 it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the
 morn—
“O ! blest be the day Kilmeny was
 born !
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may
 be.
The sun that shines on the world sae
 bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of *gleam*
 light ;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae *caresses*
 dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun, *golden*
Shall wear away, and be seen nae
 mair,
And the angels shall miss them travel-
 ling the air.

But lang, lang after baith night and *both*
day,
When the sun and the moon have
elyed away, *faded*
When the sinner has gaen to his wae- *woeful*
some doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom."

They bore her away, she wist not
how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below ;
But so swift they wained her through *carried*
the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or
sight ;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they past, and backward
flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew.
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven ;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen ;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,

And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought,
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies :
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light :
And radiant beings went and came
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.
She hid her een frae the dazzling view ; eyes
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing bye ;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray ;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas and a thousand isles ;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray ;
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung,
For there they were seen on their downward plain,
A thousand times and a thousand again,
In winding lake and placid firth,
Like peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed, and seemed to grieve.
For she found her heart to that land did cleave ;
She saw the corn wave on the vale,
She saw the deer run down the dale ;

She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore,
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on.
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk ;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee, *trusty*
With a silver wand and melting ee ; *eye*
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedes-man *begger*
came,
And hundert the lion on his dame ; *hounded*
And the guardian maid wi' the daunt-
less ee
She dropped a tear and left her knee ;
And she saw till the Queen frae the
lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world
lay dead ;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like
rain :
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair, *sore*
And she turned away, and could look
nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed *man, snarled*
amain,

And they trampled him down, but he
rose again ;
And he baited the lion to deeds of
weir, *war*
Till he lapped the blood to the king-
dom dear ;
And weening his head was danger-
preef, *proof*
When crowned with the rose and clover
leaf,
He gowled at the carle, and chased him *mocked*
away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain
gray.
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked *sneered*
at Heaven,
But his mark was set, and his arles *earnest-money*
given.
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew ;
She looked again, and the scene was
new.

She saw below her fair unfurled
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell, *furious*
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of
hell ;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew, *hounded*
Till the cities and towers were wrapt
in a blaze,

And the thunder it roared o'er the lands
and the seas.

The widows they wailed, and the red
blood ran,

And she threatened an end to the race
of man.

She never lened, nor stood in awe, *flinched*

Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.

Oh ! then the eagle swinked for life, *strove*

And brainzelled up a mortal strife ; *wrought*

But flew she north, or flew she south,

She met wi' the gowl of the lion's
mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' *woeful*
maen, *moan*

The eagle sought her eiry again ;

But lang may she cower in her bloody
nest,

And lang, lang sleek her wounded *soothe*
breast,

Before she sey another flight, *essay*

To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,

So far surpassing nature's law,

The singer's voice wad sink away,

And the string of his harp wad cease
to play.

But she saw till the sorrows of man
were bye, *past*

And all was love and harmony ;

Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own
 countrie,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land
 unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain *pure*
Shall bloom in beauty when time is
 gane. *gone*

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her
 lane, *alone*
All happed with flowers in the green-
 wood wene.
When seven lang years had come and
 fled,
When grief was calm, and hope was
 dead,
When scarce was remembered Kil-
 meny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came *twilight*
 hame.
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee.
Such beauty bard may never declare,

For there was no pride nor passion
there ;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the
shower ;
And her voice like the distant melodye
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raik the lanely glen, *rove*
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the
spring ;
But wherever her peaceful form ap-
peared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ;
The wolf played blythely round the
field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled ;
The dun deer wooed with manner
bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion.
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the *enclosures, folds*
tame,
And goved around, charmed and *mooned*
amazed ;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,

And murmured and looked with anxious
pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-
cock,
The corby left her houf in the rock, *raven, resort*
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle
flew,
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;
The wolf and the kid their raikie began, *wandering*
And the tod, and the lamb, and the fox
leveret ran ;
The hawk and the hern attour them *above*
hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed *thrush, forsook*
their young ;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled :
It was like an eve in a sinless world.

When a month and a day had come
and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene ;
There laid her down on the leaves sae
green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair
seen.
But O, the words that fell from her
mouth
Were words of wonder and words of
truth.
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living *know not*
or dead.

It wasna her hame and she couldna
remain ;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought
again.

.
He ceased ; and all with kind concern
Blessed in their hearts the bard of Ern.

But that the chill and piercing air,
The pallid hue of ladies fair,
The hidden yawn and drumbly eye, *dull*
Loudly announced the morning nigh :
Beckoned the Queen with courteous smile,
And breathless silence gazed the while :

“ I hold it best, my lords,” she said,
“ For knight, for dame, and lovely maid,
At wassail, wake, or revel hall,
To part before the senses pall.
Sweet though the draught of pleasure be,
Why should we drain it to the lee ?
Though there the minstrel’s fancy play,
Light as the breeze of summer day,
Though here in solemn cadence flow
Smooth as the night-wind o’er the snow,
Now bound away with rolling sweep,
Like tempest o’er the raving deep,
High on the morning’s golden screen,
Or casemate of the rainbow lean ;
Such beauties were in vain prolonged,
The soul is cloyed, the minstrel wronged.

"Loud is the morning blast and chill,
The snow-drift speeds along the hill ;
Let ladies of the storm beware,
And knights of ladies take a care ;
From lanes and alleys guard them well
Where lurking ghost or sprite may dwell ;
But most avoid the dazzling flare
And spirit of the morning air ;
Hide from their eyes that hideous form,
The ruthless angel of the storm.
I wish, for every gallant's sake,
That none may rue our Royal Wake—
I wish what most his heart approves,
And every lady what she loves.
Sweet be her sleep on bed of down,
And pleasing be her dreams till noon.
And when you hear the bugle's strain;
I hope to see you all again."

Whether the Queen to fear inclined,
Or spoke to cheer the minstrel's mind,
Certes, she spoke with meaning leer,
And ladies smiled her words to hear.
Yet, though the dawn of morning shone,
No lady from that night-wake gone,
Not even the Queen, durst sleep alone.
And scarce had Sleep, with throb and sigh,
O'er breast of snow and moistened eye
Outspread his snowy canopy,
When every fervid female mind
Or sailed with witches on the wind,
In Carlisle drank the potent wine,
Or floated on the foamy brine.

Some strove the land of thought to win,
Impelled by hope, withstood by sin ;
And some with angry spirit stood
By lonely stream, or pathless wood.
And oft was heard the broken sigh,
The half-formed prayer and smothered cry ;
So much the minds of old and young
Were moved by what the minstrels sung.
What Lady Gordon did or said
Could not be learned from lady's maid,
And Huntly swore and shook his head ;
But she and all her buskined train
Appeared not at the Wake again.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

The storm had ceased to shroud the hill,
The morning's breath was pure and chill ;
And when the sun rose from the main,
No eye the glory could sustain.
The icicles so dazzling bright,
The spreading wold so smooth and white,
The cloudless sky, the air so sheen
That roes on Pentland's top were seen,
And Grampian mountains, frowning high,
Seemed frozen 'mid the northern sky.
The frame was braced, the mind set free
To feat or brisk hilarity.

The sun, far on his southern throne,
Glowed in stern majesty alone :
'Twas like the loved, the toilsome day,
That dawns on mountains west away,

When the furred Indian hunter hastes
Far up his Appalachian wastes
To range the savage haunts, and dare
In his dark home the sullen bear.
And ere that noon-day sun had shone
Right on the banks of Duddingston,
Heavens ! what a scene of noise and glee,
And busy brisk anxiety !
There age and youth their pastime take
On the smooth ice that chains the lake.
The Highland Chief, the Border knight,
In waving plumes and baldricks bright,
Join in the bloodless friendly war,
The sounding stone to hurl afar.
The hair-breadth aim, the plaudits due,
The rap, the shout, the ardour grew,
Till drowsy day her curtain drew.

The youth, on cramps of polished steel,
Joined in the race, the curve, the wheel ;
With arms outstretched, and foot aside,
Like lightning o'er the lake they glide ;
And eastward far their impulse keep,
Like angels journeying o'er the deep.

When night her spangled flag unfurled
Wide o'er a wan and sheeted world,
In keen debate homeward they hie,
For well they knew the Wake was night.

By mountain sheer and column tall
How solemn was that evening fall !
The air was calm, the stars were bright,

The hoar-frost flightered down the night; *flitted*
But oft the listening groups stood still,
For spirits talked along the hill.
The fairy tribes had gone to won *dwell*
In southland lands beneath the sun,
By shady woods and waters sheen,
And vales of everlasting green,
To sing of Scotia's woodlands wild,
Where human face had never smiled.
The ghost had left the haunted yew,
The wayward bogle fled the clough, *hollow*
The darksome pool of crisp and foam
Was now no more the kelpie's home: *water-bogie*
But polar spirits sure had spread
O'er hills which native fays had fled ;
For all along, from cliff and tree,
On Arthur's Hill and Salisbury,
Came voices floating down the air
From viewless shades that lingered there ;
The words were fraught with mystery ;
Voices of men they could not be.
Youths turned their faces to the sky
With beating heart and bended eye ;
Old chieftains walked with hastened tread,
Loath that their hearts should bow to dread ;
They feared the spirits of the hill
To sinful Scotland boded ill.

Orion up his baldrick drew,
The evening star was still in view,
Scarce had the Pleiads cleared the main,
Or Charles re-yoked his golden wain,
When from the palace-turrets rang

The bugle's note with warning clang ;
Each tower, each spire, in music spake,
"Haste, nobles, to Queen Mary's Wake !"
The blooming maid ran to bedight
In spangled lace and robe of white,
That graceful emblem of her youth,
Of guileless heart and maiden truth.
The matron decked her candid frame
In moony brooch and silk of flame ;
And every Earl and Baron bold
Sparkled in clasp and loop of gold.
'T was the last night of hope and fear,
That bards could sing, or Sovereign hear ;
And just ere rose the Christmas sun
The envied prize was lost or won.

The bard that night who foremost came
Was not enrolled, nor known his name ;
A youth he was of manly mould,
Gentle as lamb, as lion bold ;
But his fair face and forehead high
Glowed with intrusive modesty.

'T was said, by bank of southland stream
Glided his youth in soothing dream ;
The harp he loved, and wont to stray
Far to the wilds and woods away,
And sing to brooks that gurgled bye
Of maiden's form and maiden's eye ;
That, when this dream of youth was past,
Deep in the shade his harp he cast ;
In busy life his cares beguiled,
His heart was true, and fortune smiled.

But when the Royal Wake began,
Joyful he came the foremost man,
To see the matchless bard approved,
And list the strains he once had loved.

Two nights had passed, the bards had sung—
Queen Mary's Harp from ceiling hung,
On which was graved her lovely mold,
Beset with crowns and flowers of gold,
And many a gem of dazzling dye
Glowed on that prize to minstrel's eye.

The youth had heard each minstrel's strain,
And, fearing northern bard would gain,
To try his youthful skill was moved,
Not for himself, but friends he loved.

MARY SCOTT.

THE FOURTEENTH BARD'S SONG

Lord Pringle's steed neighs in the stall,
His panoply is irksome grown,
His plumed helm hangs in the hall,
His broad claymore is berry brown.

No more his bugle's evening peal
Bids vassal arm and yeoman ride,
To drive the deer of Otterdale,
Or foray on the Border side.

Instead of hoop and battle knell,
Of warrior's song and revel free,
Is heard the lute's voluptuous swell
Within the halls of Torwoodlee.

Sick lies his heart without relief ;
'Tis love that breeds the warrior's woe,
For daughter of a froward chief,
A freebooter, his mortal foe.

But O, that maiden's form of grace,
And eye of love, to him were dear ;
The smile that dimpled on her face
Was deadlier than the Border spear.

That form was not the poplar's stem,
That smile the dawning's purple line ;
Nor was that eye the dazzling gem
That glows adown the Indian mine.

But would you praise the poplar pale,
Or morn in wreath of roses drest,
The fairest flower that woos the vale,
Or down that clothes the solan's breast :

A thousand times beyond, above,
What rapt enthusiast ever saw,
Compare them to that mould of love—
Young Mary Scott of Tushilaw !

The war-flame glows on Ettrick Pen,
Bounds forth the foray swift as wind,

And Tushilaw and all his men
Have left their homes afar behind.

O lady, lady, learn thy creed,
And mark the watch-dog's boisterous din ;
The Abbot comes with book and bead—
O haste, and let the father in !

And, lady, mark his locks so gray,
His beard so long and colour wan ;
O, he has mourned for many a day,
And sorrowed o'er the sins of man.

And yet so stately is his mien,
His step so firm and breast so bold ;
His brawny leg and form, I ween,
Are wondrous for a man so old.

Short was his greeting, short and low,
His blessing short as prayer could be ;
But oft he sighed, and boded woe,
And spoke of sin and misery.

To shift, to shift, now ladies all,
Your prayers and Ave Marias learn ;
Haste, trembling to the vesper hall !
For ah ! the priest is dark and stern.

Short was the task of lady old,
Short as confession well could be ;
The Abbot's orisons were cold,
His absolutions frank and free.

Go, Mary Scott, thy spirit meek
Lay open to the searcher's eye ;
And let the tear bedew thy cheek,
Thy sins are of a crimson dye.

For many a lover thou hast slain,
And many yet lie sick for thee—
Young Gilmanscleuch and Deloraine,
And Pringle, lord of Torwoodlee.

Tell every wish thy bosom near,
No other sin, dear maid, hast thou ;
And well the Abbot loves to hear
Thy plights of love and simple vow.

“Why stays my Mary Scott so long ?
What guilt can youth and beauty wail ?
Of fervent thought and passion strong,
Heavens ! what a sickening tedious tale !”

O lady, cease ; the maiden's mind,
Though pure as morning's cloudless beam,
A crime in every wish can find,
In noontide glance and midnight dream.

To woman's heart when fair and free
Her sins seem great and manifold ;
When sunk in guilt and misery,
No crime can then her soul behold.

'Tis sweet to see the opening flower
Spread its fair bosom to the sun ;

'Tis sweet to hear in vernal bower
The thrush's earliest hymn begun.

But sweeter far the prayer that wrings
The tear from maiden's beaming eye ;
And sweeter far the hymn she sings
In grateful holy ecstasy.

The mass was said, but cold and dry
That mass to heaven the father sent ;
With book, and bead, and rosary,
The Abbot to his chamber went.

The watch-dog rests with folded eye
Beneath the portal's gray festoon ;
The wildered Ettrick wanders bye,
Loud murmuring to the careless moon.

The warder lists with hope and dread
Far distant shout of fray begun ;
The cricket tunes his tiny reed,
And harps behind the embers dun.

Why does the warder bend his head,
And silent stand the casement near ?
The cricket stops his gentle reed,
The sound of gentle step to hear.

O, many a wight from Border brake
Has reaved the drowsy warden round ;
And many a daughter lain awake,
When parents trowed her sleeping sound.

The Abbot's bed is well down spread,
The Abbot's bed is soft and fair,
The Abbot's bed is cold as lead—
For why ?—the Abbot is not there.

Was that the blast of bugle, borne
Far on the night-wind, wavering shrill ?
'Tis nothing but the shepherd's horn
That keeps the watch on Cacra hill.

What means the warder's answering note ?
The moon is west, 'tis near the day ;
I thought I heard the warrior's shout,
'Tis time the Abbot were away.

The bittern mounts the morning air,
And rings the sky with quavering croon ;
The watch-dog sallies from his lair,
And bays the wind and setting moon.

'Tis not the breeze, nor bittern's wail,
Has roused the guarder from his den ;
Along the bank, in belt and mail,
Come Tushilaw and all his men.

The Abbot, from his casement, saw
The forest chieftain's proud array ;
He heard the voice of Tushilaw—
The Abbot's heart grew cold as clay.

“Haste, maidens, call my lady fair,
That room may for my warriors be ;

And bid my daughter come and share
The cup of joy with them and me.

“Say we have fought and won the fray,
Have lowered our haughty foeman’s pride ;
And we have driven the richest prey
That ever lowed by Ettrick side.”

To hear a tale of vanquished foes
His lady came right cheerfully ;
And Mary Scott, like morning rose,
Stood blushing at her father’s knee.

Fast flowed the warrior’s ruthless tale,
And aye the red cup passed between ;
But Mary Scott grew lily pale,
And trembled like the aspen green.

“Now, lady, give me welcome cheer,
Queen of the Border thou shalt be ;
For I have brought thee gold and gear,
And humbled haughty Torwoodlee.

“I beat his yeomen in the glen,
I loosed his horses from the stall,
I slew the bloodhound in his den,
And sought the chief through tower and hall.

“’Tis said in hamlet mean and dark
Nightly he lies with leman dear ;
O, I would give ten thousand mark
To see his head upon my spear.

“Go, maidens, every mat be spread,
On heather, haum, or roegrass heap, *holm*
And make for me the scarlet bed,
For I have need of rest and sleep.”

“Nay, my good lord, make other choice,
In that you cannot rest to-day ;
For there in peaceful slumber lies
A holy Abbot, old and gray.”

The chieftain's cheek to crimson grew,
Dropt from his hand the rosy wine—
“An Abbot ! curse the canting crew !
An Abbot sleep in couch of mine !

“Now, lady, as my soul shall thrive,
I'd rather trust my child and thee
With my two greatest foes alive,
The King of Scots and Torwoodlee.

“The lazy horde of Melrose vale
Has brought my life, my all to stake :
O, lady ! I have heard a tale,
The thought o't makes my heart to ache.

“Go, warriors, hale the villain forth,
Bring not his loathful form to me ;
The gate stands open to the north,
The rope hangs o'er the gallows tree.

“There shall the burning breeze of noon
Rock the old sensual sluggard blind ;

There let him swing, till sun and moon
Have three times left the world behind ! ”

O Abbot, Abbot, say thy prayers,
With orisons load every breath !
The Forest trooper's on the stairs,
To drag thee to a shameful death.

O Abbot, Abbot, quit thy bed,
Ill armed art thou to meet the strife ;
Haste, don thy beard, and quoif thy head,
And guard the door for death or life !

Thy arm is firm, thy heart is stout,
Yet thou canst neither fight nor flee ;
But beauty stands thy guard without,
Yes, beauty weeps and pleads for thee.

Proud, ruthless man, by vengeance driven,
Regardless hears a brother plead ;
Regardless sees the brand of heaven
Red quivering o'er his guilty head :

But once let woman's soothing tongue
Implore his help or clemency,
Around him let her arms be flung,
Or at his feet her bended knee—

The world's a shadow ! vengeance sleeps ;
The child of reason stands revealed ;
When beauty pleads, when woman weeps,
He is not man who scorns to yield.

Stern Tushilaw is gone to sleep,
Laughing at woman's dread of sin ;
But first he bade his warriors keep
All robbers out and Abbots in.

The Abbot from his casement high
Looked out to see the peep of day ;
The scene that met the Abbot's eye
Filled him with wonder and dismay.

'Twas not the dews of dawning mild,
The mountain's hues of silver gray,
Nor yet the Ettrick's windings wild,
By belted holm and bosky brae ;

Nor moorland Rankleburn, that raved
By covert, clough, and greenwood *hollow*
shaw ; *plantation*
Nor dappled flag of day, that waved
In streamers pale from Gilmanslaw.

But many a doubted ox there lay
At rest upon the castle lea ;
And there he saw his gallant gray
And all the steeds of Torwoodlee.

" Beshrew the wont ! " the Abbot said,
" The charge runs high for lodging here ;
The guard is deep, the path way-laid,
My homilies shall cost me dear.

" Come well, come woe, with dauntless core,
I'll kneel and con my breviary ;

If Tushilaw is versed in lore,
 'Twill be an awkward game with me."

Now Tushilaw he waked and slept,
 And dreamed and thought till noontide hour ;
But aye this query upmost kept,
 " What seeks the Abbot in my tower ? "

Stern Tushilaw came down the stair,
 With doubtful and indignant eye,
And found the holy man at prayer,
 With book, and cross, and rosary.

" To book, to book, thou reaver red !
 Of absolution thou hast heed ;
The sword of Heaven hangs o'er thy head,
 Death is thy doom, and hell thy meed."

" I'll take my chance, thou priest of sin,
 Thy absolutions I disdain ;
But I will noose thy bearded chin
 If thus thou talk'st to me again.

" Declare thy business and thy name,
 Or short the route to thee is given ! "
" The Abbot I of Coldinghame,
 My errand is the cause of Heaven."

" That shalt thou prove ere we two part ;
 Some robber thou, or royal spy :
But, villain, I will search thy heart,
 And chain thee in the deep to lie.

“Hence with thy rubbish, hest and ban,
Whinyards to keep the weak in awe ;
The scorn of Heaven, the shame of man—
No books nor beads for Tushilaw !”

“Oh ! lost to mercy, faith, and love !
Thy bolts and chains are nought to me ;
I’ll call an angel from above
That soon will set the prisoner free.”

Bold Tushilaw, o’er strone and steep, *hill*
Pursues the roe and dusky deer ;
The Abbot lies in dungeon deep,
The maidens wail, the matrons fear.

The sweetest flower on Ettrick shaw
Bends its fair form o’er grated keep ;
Young Mary Scott of Tushilaw
Sleeps but to sigh, and wakes to weep.

Bold Tushilaw, with horn and hound,
Pursues the deer o’er holt and lea ;
And rides and rules the border round,
From Philiphaugh to Gilnockye.

His page rode down by Melrose fair,
His page rode down by Coldinghame ;
But not a priest was missing there,
Nor Abbot, Friar, nor Monk of name.

The evening came ; it was the last
The Abbot in this world should see ;

The bonds are firm, the bolts are fast,
No angel comes to set him free.

Yes, at the stillest hour of night
Softly unfolds the iron door ;
Beamed through the gloom unwonted light,
That light a beauteous angel bore.

Fair was the form that o'er him hung,
And fair the hands that set him free ;
The trembling whispers of her tongue
Softer than seraph's melody.

The Abbot's soul was all on flame,
Wild transport through his bosom ran ;
For never angel's fairy frame
Was half so sweet to mortal man.

Why walks young Mary Scott so late,
In veil and cloak of cramasye ?
The porter opens wide the gate,
His bonnet moves, and bends his knee.

Long may the wondering porter wait,
Before the lady form return ;
"Speed, Abbot, speed, nor halt nor bate,
Nor look thou back to Rankleburn !"

The day arrives, the ladies plead
In vain for yon mysterious wight ;
For Tushilaw his doom decreed,
Were he an Abbot, Lord, or Knight.

The chieftain called his warriors stout,
And ranged them round the gallows tree,
Then bade them bring the Abbot out,
The fate of fraud that all might see.

The men return of sense bereft,
Falter their tongues, their eye-balls glare ;
The door was locked, the fetters left—
All close ! the Abbot was not there !

The wondering warriors bow to God,
And matins to the Virgin hum ;
But Tushilaw he gloomed and strode,
And walked into the castle dumb.

But to the Virgin's sacred name
The vow was paid in many a cell ;
And many a rich oblation came
For that amazing miracle.

Lord Pringle walked his glens alone,
Nor flock nor lowing herds he saw ;
But even the King upon the throne
Quaked at the name of Tushilaw.

Lord Pringle's heart was all on flame,
Nor peace nor joy his bosom knew,
'Twas for the kindest, sweetest dame,
That ever brushed the Forest dew.

Gone is one month with smile and sigh,
With dream by night and wish by day ;

A second came with moistened eye ;
Another came and passed away.

Why is the flower of yonder pile
Bending its stem to court decay,
And Mary Scott's benignant smile
Like sun-beam in a winter day ?

Sometimes her colour's like the rose,
Sometimes 'tis like the lily pale ;
The flower that in the Forest grows
Is fallen before the summer gale.

A mother's fostering breast is warm,
And dark her doubts of love, I ween ;
For why ?—she felt its early harm—
A mother's eye is sharp and keen.

'Tis done ! the woman stands revealed !
Stern Tushilaw is waked to see ;
The bearded priest so well concealed
Was Pringle, lord of Torwoodlee.

Oh, never was the thunder's jar,
The red tornado's wasting wing,
Nor all the elemental war
Like fury of the Border king.

He laughed aloud—his faulchion eyed—
A laugh of burning vengeance born.
“ Does thus the coward trow,” he cried,
“ To hold his conqueror's power to scorn ? ”

“ Thinks Tushilaw of maids or wives,
Or such a thing as Torwoodlee ?
Had Mary Scott a thousand lives,
These lives were all too few for me.

“ Ere midnight, in the secret cave,
This sword shall pierce her bosom's core,
Though I go childless to the grave,
And rue the deed for evermore.

“ O had I lulled the imp to rest
When first she lisped her name to me,
Or pierced her little guileless breast
When smiling on her nurse's knee !”

“ Just is your vengeance, my good lord,
'Tis just and meet our daughter die ;
For sharper than a foeman's sword
Is family shame and injury.

“ But trust the ruthless deed to me ;
I have a vial potent, good ;
Unmeet that all the Scots should see
A daughter's corse embalmed in blood.

“ Unmeet her gallant kinsmen knew
The guilt of one so fair and young ;
No cup should to her memory flow,
No requiem o'er her grave be sung.

“ My potent draught has erst proved true
Beneath my own and husband's eye ;

Trust me, ere falls the morning dew,
In dreamless sleep shall Mary lie."

"Even go thy way, thy words are true,
I knew thy dauntless soul before ;
But list—if thou deceivest me too,
Thou hast a head ! I say no more."

Stern Tushilaw strode o'er the ley, *lea*
And, wondering, by the twilight saw
A crystal tear drop from his eye,
The first e'er shed by Tushilaw.

O grievous are the bonds of steel,
And blasted hope 'tis hard to prove ;
More grievous far it is to feel
Ingratitude from those we love.

"What brings my lady mother here,
Pale as the morning shower and cold ?
In her dark eye why stands the tear ?
Why in her hand a cup of gold ?

"My Mary, thou art ill at rest,
Fervid and feverish is thy blood ;
Still yearns o'er thee thy mother's breast,
Take this, my child, 'tis for thy good."

O sad, sad was young Mary's plight.
She took the cup, no word spake she ;
She had even wished that very night
To sleep, and never more to wake.

She took the cup, she drank it dry,
Then pillowed soft her beauteous head,
And calmly watched her mother's eye ;
But O, that eye was hard to read.

Her moistened eyes, so mild and meek,
Soon sunk their auburn fringe beneath ;
The ringlets on her damask cheek
Heaved gentler with her stealing breath.

She turned her face unto the wall,
Her colour changed to pallid clay ;
Long ere the dews began to fall
The flower of Ettrick lifeless lay.

Why underneath her winding-sheet
Does broidered silk her form enfold ?
Why is cold Mary's buskined feet
All laced with belts and bands of gold ?

"What boots to me those robes so gay ?
To wear them now no child have I ;
They should have graced her bridal day,
Now they must in the churchyard lie.

"I thought to see my daughter ride
In golden gear and cramasye,
To Mary's fane, the loveliest bride
E'er to the Virgin bent the knee.

"Now I may by her funeral wain
Ride silent o'er the mountain gray ;

Her revel hall the gloomy fane ;
Her bridal bed the cheerless clay."

Why that rich snood, with plume and lace,
Round Mary's lifeless temples drawn ?
Why is the napkin o'er her face
A fragment of the lily lawn ?

" My Mary has another home ;
And far, far though the journey be,
When she to Paradise shall come,
Then will my child remember me." •

O many a flower was round her spread,
And many a pearl and diamond bright
And many a window round her head
Shed on her form a bootless light.

Lord Pringle sat on Maygill brae,
Pondering on war and vengeance meet ;
The Cadan toiled in narrow way,
The Tweed rolled far beneath his feet.

Not Tweed, by gulf and whirlpool mazed,
Through dark wood-glen, by him was seen ;
For still his thought-set eye was raised
To Ettrick mountains, wild and green.

Sullen he sat, unstaid, unblest,
He thought of battle, broil, and blood ;
He never crossed, he never wist
Till by his side a Palmer stood.

"Haste, my good lord, this letter read,
Ill bodes it listless thus to be ;
Upon a die I've set my head,
And brought this letter far to thee."

Lord Pringle looked the letter on,
His face grew pale as winter sky ;
But ere the half of it was done
The tear of joy stood in his eye.

A purse he to the Palmer threw,
Mounted the cleft of aged tree ;
Three times aloud his bugle blew,
And hasted home to Torwoodlee.

'Twas scarcely past the hour of noon
When first the foray whoop began ;
And in the wan light of the moon
Through March and Teviotdale it ran.

Far to the south it spread away,
Startled the hind by fold and tree ;
And aye the watchword of the fray
Was " Ride for Ker and Torwoodlee ! "

When next the day began to fade,
The warriors round their chieftains range ;
And many a solemn vow they made,
And many an oath of fell revenge.

The Pringles' plumes indignant dance,
It was a gallant sight to see ;

And many a Ker, with sword and lance,
 Stood rank and file on Torwoodlee.

As they fared up yon craigy glen, *rocky*
 Where Tweed sweeps round the Thorny-hill,
Old Gideon Murray and his men
 The foray joined with right goodwill.

They hasted up by Plora side,
 And north above Mount Benger turn,
And lothly forced to ride with them
 Black Douglas of the Craigy-burn.

When they came nigh Saint Mary's Lake,
 The day-sky glimmered on the dew ;
They hid their horses in the brake,
 And lurked in heath and braken clough.

The lake one purple valley lay,
 Where tints of glowing light were seen ;
The ganza waved his cuneal way, *swan, wedge-shaped*
 With yellow oar and quoif of green.

The dark cock bayed above the coomb, *bosom of hill*
 Throned 'mid the wavy fringe of gold ;
Unwreathed from dawning's fairy loom
 In many a soft vermilion fold.

The tiny skiffs of silver mist
 Lingered along the slumbering vale ;
Belled the gray stag with fervid breast
 High on the moors of Meggat-dale.

There, hid in clough and hollow den,
Gazing around the hill sublime,
There lay Lord Pringle and his men
On beds of heath and moorland thyme.

That morning found rough Tushilaw
In all the father's guise appear ;
An end of all his hopes he saw
Shrouded in Mary's gilded bier.

No eye could trace without concern
The suffering warrior's troubled look ;
The throbs that heaved his bosom stern
No ear could bear, no heart could brook.

"Woe be to thee, thou wicked dame !
My Mary's prayers and accents mild
Might well have rendered vengeance lame ;
This hand could ne'er have slain my child.

"But thou, in frenzied fatal hour,
Reft the sweet life thou gavest away,
And crushed to earth the fairest flower
That ever breathed the breeze of day.

"My all is lost, my hope is fled,
The sword shall ne'er be drawn for me ;
Unblest, unhonoured my gray head—
My child ! would I had died for thee !"

The bell tolls o'er a new-made grave ;
The lengthened funeral train is seen

Stemming the Yarrow's silver wave,
And darkening Dryhope's holms so green.

When nigh the Virgin's fane they drew,
Just by the verge of holy ground,
The Kers and Pringles left the clough,
And hemmed the wondering Scotts around.

Vassal and peasant, seized with dread,
Sped off, and looked not once behind ;
And all who came for wine and bread
Fled like the chaff before the wind.

But all the Scotts together flew,
For every Scott of name was there—
In sullen mood their weapons drew,
And back to back for fight prepare.

Rough was the onset—boast nor threat,
Nor word, was heard from friend or foe ;
At once began the work of fate
With perilous thrust and deadly blow.

O but the Harden lads were true,
And bore them bravely to the broil ;
The doughty laird of wild Buccleuch
Raged like a lion in the toil.

His sword on bassenet was broke,
The blood was streaming to his heel,
But soon, to ward the fatal stroke,
Up rattled twenty blades of steel.

Young Raeburn tilted gallantly,
But Ralph of Gilmanscleugh was slain,
Philip and Hugh of Baillilee
And William laird of Deloraine.

Red Will of Thirlestane came on
With his long sword and sullen eye,
Jealous of ancient honours won ;
Woe to the wight that came him nigh !

He was the last the ranks to break,
And flying, fought full desperately ;
At length within his feudal lake
He stood and fought unto the knee.

Wild round he looked from side to side ;
No friendly skiff was there that day ;
For why ? the knight in bootless pride
Had driven them from the wave away.

Sore did he rue the stern decree ;
Red rolled the billow from the west ;
And fishes swam indignantly
Deep o'er the hero's boardly breast. *brawny*

When loud has roared the wintry storm,
Till winds have ceased and rains are gone,
There oft the shepherd's trembling form
Stands gazing o'er gigantic bone,

Pondering of Time's unstaying tide,
Of ancient chiefs by kinsmen slain,

Of feudal rights, and feudal pride,
And reckless Will of Thirlestane.

But long shall Ettrick rue the strife
That reft her brave and generous son,
Who ne'er in all his restless life
Did unbecoming thing but one.

Old Tushilaw, with sword in hand,
And heart to fiercest woes a prey,
Seemed courting every foeman's brand,
And fought in hottest of the fray.

In vain the gallant kinsmen stood
Wedged in a firm and bristled ring ;
Their funeral weeds are bathed in blood,
No corslets round their bosoms cling.

Against the lance and helmed file
Their courage, might, and skill were vain ;
Short was the conflict, short the while,
Ere all the Scotts were bound or slain.

When first the hostile band upsprung,
The body in the church was laid,
Where vows were made, and requiems sung,
By matron, monk, and weeping maid.

Lord Pringle came—before his eye
The monks and maidens kneeled in fear ;
But Lady Tushilaw stood bye,
And pointed to her Mary's bier.

"Thou lord of guile and malice keen,
What boots this doleful work to thee ?
Could Scotland such a pair have seen
As Mary Scott and Torwoodlee ?"

Lord Pringle came—no word he spake,
Nor owned the pangs his bosom knew ;
But his full heart was like to break
In every throb his bosom drew.

"O, I had weened with fondest heart—
Woe to the guileful friend who lied !—
This day should join us ne'er to part,
This day that I should win my bride.

"But I will see that face so meek,
Cold, pale, and lifeless though it be ;
And I will kiss that comely cheek,
Once sweeter than the rose to me."

With trembling hand he raised the lid,
Sweet was the perfume round that flew ;
For there were strewed the roses red
And every flower the Forest knew.

He drew the fair lawn from her face,
'Twas decked with many a costly wreath ;
And still it wore a soothing grace,
Even in the still abodes of death.

And aye he prest the cheek so white,
And aye he kissed the lips beloved,

Till pitying maidens wept outright,
And even the frigid monks were moved.

Why starts Lord Pringle to his knee ?
Why bend his eyes with watchful strain ?
The maidens shriek his mien to see ;
The startled priests inquire in vain.

Was that a sob, an earthly sigh,
That heaved the flowers so lightly shed ?
'Twas but the wind that wandered bye,
And kissed the bosom of the dead.

Are these the glowing tints of life
O'er Mary's cheek that come and fly ?
Ah, no ! the red flowers round are rife,
The rose-bud flings its softened dye.

Why grows the gazer's sight so dim ?
Stay, dear illusion, still beguile !
Thou art worth crowns and worlds to him—
Last, dear illusion, last a while !

Short was thy sway, frenzied and short,
For ever fell the veil on thee ;
Thy startling form, of fears the sport,
Vanished in sweet reality.

'Tis past, and darkly stand revealed
A mother's cares and purpose deep :
That kiss, the last adieu that sealed,
Waked Mary from her death-like sleep.

Slowly she raised her form of grace,
Her eyes no ray conceptive flung ;
And O, her mild, her languid face,
Was like a flower too early sprung.

“ O, I lie sick and weary here,
My heart is bound in moveless chain ;
Another cup, my mother dear,
I cannot sleep though I would fain.”

She drank the wine with calm delay,
She drank the wine with pause and sigh ;
Slowly, as wakes the dawning day,
Dawned long-lost thought in Mary's eye.

She looked at pall, she looked at bier,
At altar, shrine, and rosary ;
She saw her lady mother near,
And at her side brave Torwoodlee.

'Twas all a dream, nor boded good,
A phantom of the fevered brain ;
She laid her down in moaning mood,
To soothe her woes in sleep again.

Needs not to paint that joyful hour,
The nuptial vow, the bridal glee,
How Mary Scott, the Forest flower,
Was borne a bride to Torwoodlee.

Needs not to say how warriors prayed
When Mary glided from the dome ;

They thought the Virgin's holy shade
In likeness of the dead had come.

Diamond and ruby rayed her waist,
And twinkled round her brow so fair ;
She wore more gold upon her breast
Than would have bought the hills of Yair.

A foot so light, a form so meet,
Ne'er trode Saint Mary's lonely lea ;
A bride so gay, a face so sweet,
The Yarrow braes shall never see.

Old Tushilaw deigned not to smile,
No grateful word his tongue could say ;
He took one kiss, blest her the while,
Wiped his dark eye, and turned away.

The Scotts were freed, and peace restored ;
Each Scott, each Ker, each Pringle swore,
Swore by his name, and by his sword,
To be firm friends for evermore.

Lord Pringle's hills were stocked anew,
Drove after drove came nightly free ;
But many a Border Baron knew
Whence came the dower to Torwoodlee.

.
Scarce had the closing measure rung,
When from the ring the minstrel sprung,
O'er foot of maid and cane of men,
Three times he foundered as he ran,

And his gilt harp, of flowery frame,
Left ready for the next that came.
Loud were the plaudits—all the fair
Their eyes turned to the royal chair ;
They looked again—no bard was there.
But whisper, smile, and question ran
Around the ring anent the man ;
While all the nobles of the south
Lauded the generous stranger youth.

The next was bred on southern shore,
Beneath the mists of Lammermore ;
And long, by Nith and crystal Tweed,
Had taught the Border youth to read :
The strains of Greece, the bard of Troy,
Were all his theme and all his joy.

Well toned his voice of wars to sing ;
His hair was dark as raven's wing,
His eye an intellectual lance,
No heart could bear its searching glance,
But every bard to him was dear ;
His heart was kind, his soul sincere.

When first of Royal Wake he heard,
Forthwith it chained his sole regard ;
It was his thought, his hourly theme,
His morning prayer, his midnight dream.
Knights, dames, and squires of each degree
He deemed as fond of songs as he,
And talked of them continually.
But when he heard the Highland strain,
Scarce could his breast his soul contain ;

'Twas all unequalled, and would make
Immortal Bards ! immortal Wake !
About Dunedin streets he ran,
Each knight he met, each maid, each man,
In field, in alley, tower, or hall,
The Wake was first, the Wake was all.

Alike to him the south or north,
So high he held the minstrel worth,
So high his ardent mind was wrought,
Once of himself he scarcely thought.
Dear to his heart the strain sublime,
The strain admired in ancient time ;
And of his minstrel honours proud,
He strung his harp too high, too loud.

KING EDWARD'S DREAM

THE FIFTEENTH BARD'S SONG

The heath-cock had whirled at the break of the morn,
The moon of her tassels of silver was shorn,
When hoary King Edward lay tossing in ire,
His blood in a ferment, his bosom on fire :
His battle-files, stretched o'er the valley, were still
As Eden's pine forests that darkened the hill.

He slept—but his visions were loathly and grim ;
How quivered his lip ! and how quaked every limb !
His dull-moving eye showed how troubled his rest,
And deep were the throbs of his labouring breast.

He saw the Scot's banner red streaming on high,
The fierce Scottish warriors determined and nigh ;
Their columns of steel, and, bright gleaming before,
The lance, the broad target, and Highland claymore.
And, lo ! at their head, in stern glory appeared
That hero of heroes so hated and feared ;
'Twas the exile of Rachrin that led the *Robert the Bruce*
array,
And Wallace's spirit was pointing the way :
His eye was a torch, beaming ruin and wrath,
And graved on his helmet was—*Vengeance or Death!*

In far Ethiopia's desert domain,
Where whirlwinds new mountains up-pile on the
plain,
Their crested brown billows, fierce curling on high,
O'ersadow the sun, and are tossed to the sky ;
But meeting each other, they burst and recoil,
Mix, thunder, and sink, with a reeling turmoil ;
As dreadful the onset that Edward beheld,
As fast his brave legions were heaped on the field.

The plaided blue Highlander, swift as the wind,
Spread terror before him, and ruin behind.
Thick clouds of blood-vapour brood over the slain,
And Pembroke and Howard are stretched on the plain.

The chieftain he hated, all covered with blood,
Still nearer and nearer approached where he stood ;
He could not retreat, and no succour was near—
“Die, scorpion !” he cried, and pursued his career.
The king felt the iron retreat from the wound,
No hand to uphold him, he sunk to the ground ;

His spirit, escaped on the wings of the wind,
Left terror, confusion, and carnage behind,
Till on the green Pentland he thought he sat lone,
And pondered on troubles and times that were gone.

He looked over meadow, broad river, and down,
From Ochil's fair mountains to Lammermore brown ;
He still found his heart and desires were the same ;
He wished to leave Scotland nor sceptre nor name.

He thought, as he lay on the green mountain thyme,
A spirit approached him in manner sublime,
At first she appeared like a streamer of light,
But still, as she neared, she was formed to his sight.
Her robe was the blue silken veil of the sky,
The drop of the amethyst deepened its dye ;
Her crown was a helmet, emblazoned with pearl,
Her mantle the sun-beam, her bracelets the beryl ;
Her hands and her feet like the bright burning levin,
Her face was the face of an angel from heaven ;
Around her the winds and the echoes grew still,
And rainbows were formed in the cloud of the hill.

Like music that floats o'er the soft heaving deep,
When twilight has lulled all the breezes asleep,
The wild fairy airs in our forests that rung,
Or hymn of the sky by a seraph when sung ;
So sweet were the tones on the fancy that broke,
When the Guardian of Scotland's proud mountains
thus spoke :

"What boots, mighty Edward, thy victories won ?
'Tis over—thy sand of existence is run ;

Thy laurels are faded, dispersed in the blast,
Thy soul from the bar of Omnipotence cast
To wander bewildered o'er mountain and plain,
O'er lands thou hast steeped with the blood of the slain.

"I heard of thy guerdon, I heard it on high ;
Thou'rt doomed on these mountains to linger and lie,
The mark of the tempest, the sport of the wind,
The tempest of conscience, the storm of the mind.
Till people thou'st hated and sworn to subdue
Triumphant from bondage shall burst in thy view,
Their sceptre and liberty bravely regain,
And climb to renown over mountains of slain.

"I thought (and I joined my endeavours to thine)
The time was arrived when the two should combine ;
For 'tis known that they will 'mong the hosts of the
sky,
And we thought that blest era of concord was nigh.
But ages unborn shall flit on the wing,
And Scotland to England ere then give a king,
A father to monarchs, whose flourishing sway
The ocean and ends of the earth shall obey.

"See yon little hamlet o'ershadowed with smoke,
See yon hoary battlement throned on the rock,
Even there shall a city in splendour break forth,
The haughty Dunedin, the Queen of the North ;
There learning shall flourish and liberty smile,
The awe of the world and the pride of the isle.

"But thy lonely spirit shall roam in dismay,
And weep o'er thy labours so soon to decay,

In yon western plain, where thy power overthrew
The bulwarks of Caledon, valiant and few ;
Where beamed the red faulchion of ravage and wrath,
Where tyranny, horsed on the dragons of death,
Rode ruthless through blood of the honoured and just,
When Graeme and brave Stuart lay bleeding in dust,
The wailings of liberty pierced the sky,
The Eternal, in pity, averted His eye.

“Even there the dread power of thy nations combined,
Proud England, green Erin, and Normandy joined,
Exulting in numbers and dreadful array,
Led on by Carnarvon to Scotland away,
As thick as the snow-flakes that pour from the pole,
Or silver-maned waves on the ocean that roll,
By a handful of heroes, all desperate driven,
Impelled by the might and the vengeance of Heaven—
By them shall these legions be all overborne,
And melt from the field like the mist of the morn.
The thistle shall rear her rough front to the sky,
And the Rose and the Shamrock at Carron shall die.

“How could'st thou imagine those spirits of flame
Would stoop to oppression, to slavery, and shame ?
Ah ! never ; the lion may couch to thy sway,
The mighty leviathan bend and obey ;
But the Scots, round their King and broad banner
unfurled,
Their mountains will keep against thee and the world.”

King Edward awoke with a groan and a start,
The vision was vanished, but not from his heart ;

His courage was high, but his vigour was gone ;
He cursed the Scots nation, and bade them lead on.
His legions moved on like a cloud of the west,
But fierce was the fever that boiled in his breast :
On sand of the Solway they rested his bed,
Where the soul of the king and the warrior fled.
He heard not the sound of the evening curfew ;
But the whisper that died on his tongue was
" Subdue ! "

.
The bard had sung so bold and high,
While patriot fire flashed from his eye,
That ere King Edward won to rest,
Or sheet was spread above his breast,
The harp-strings jarred in wild mis-tone,
The minstrel throbbed, his voice was gone.
Upon his harp he leaned his head,
And softly from the ring was led.

The next was from the western vale,
Where Nith winds slowly down the dale ;
Where play the waves o'er golden grain,
Like mimic billows of the main.
Of the old elm his harp was made
That bent o'er Cluden's loneliest shade :
No gilded sculpture round her flamed,
For his own hand that harp had framed,
In stolen hours when, labour done,
He strayed to view the parting sun.
O, when the toy to him so fair
Began to form beneath his care,
How danced his youthful heart with joy !

How constant grew the dear employ!
 The sun would chamber in the Ken,
 The red star rise o'er Locherben,
 The solemn moon, in sickly hue,
 Waked from her eastern couch of dew,
 Would half-way gain the vault on high,
 Bathe in the Nith, slow stealing by,
 And still the bard his task would ply.

When his first notes, from covert gray,
 Arrested maiden on her way,
 When ceased the reaper's evening tale,
 And paused the shepherd of the dale,
 Bootless all higher worldly bliss
 To crown our minstrel's happiness.
 What all the joys by fortune given
 To cloyless song, the gift of Heaven?

That harp could make the matron stare,
 Bristle the peasant's hoary hair,
 Make patriot breasts with ardour glow,
 And warrior pant to meet the foe;
 And long by Nith the maidens young
 Shall chant the strains their minstrel sung.
 At ewe-bught, or at evening fold, *sheep-pen*
 When resting on the daisied wold,
 Combing their locks of waving gold,
 Oft the fair group, enrapt, shall name
 Their lost, their darling Cunninghame;
 His was a song beloved in youth—
 A tale of weir—a tale of truth. *war*

DUMLANRIG.

THE SIXTEENTH BARD'S SONG.

Who's he that at Dumlanrig's gate
 Hollas so loud and raps so late ?
 Nor warder's threat, nor porter's growl,
 Question, not watch-dog's angry howl
 He once regards, but rap and call,
 Thundering alternate, shake the wall.
 The captive stretched in dungeon sleep,
 Waked from his painful visioned sleep,
 His meagre form from pavement raised,
 And listened to the sounds amazed :
 Both bayle and keep rang with the din,
 And Douglas heard the noise within.

“Ho ! rise, Dumlanrig ! all's at stake !
 Ho ! rise, Dumlanrig ! Douglas, wake !
 Blow, warder—blow thy warning shrill,
 Light up the beacon on the hill,
 For round thee reaves thy ruthless foe—
 Arise, Dumlanrig ! Douglas, ho !”

His fur-cloak Douglas round him threw,
 And to the crennel eager flew. *embrasure*
 “What news? what news? thou stalwart groom
 Who thus in midnight's deepest gloom
 Bring'st to my gate the loud alarm
 Of foray wide and country harm ?
 What are thy dangers? what thy fears ?
 Say out thy message—Douglas hears.”

"Haste, Douglas ! Douglas, arm with speed,
And mount thy fleetest battle steed ;
For Lennox, with the southern host,
Whom thou hast baulked and curbed the most,
Like locusts from the Solway blown,
Are spread upon thy mountains brown :
Broke from their camp in search of prey,
They drive thy flocks and herds away ;
Roused by revenge and hunger keen,
They've swept the hills of fair Dalveen,
Nor left thee bullock, goat, or steer,
On all the holms of Durisdeer.

"One troop came to my father's hall ;
They burnt our tower—they took our all.
My dear, my only sister May
By force the ruffians bore away ;
Nor kid nor lamb bleats in the glen
Around all lonely Locherben.

"My twenty men, I have no moe, *more*
Eager to cross the roaming foe,
Well armed with hauberk and broad-sword,
Keep ward at Cample's rugged ford.
Before they bear their prey across,
Some Southrons shall their helmets lose,
If not the heads those helmets shield—
O, haste thee, Douglas, to the field !"
With that his horse around he drew,
And down the path like lightning flew.

"Arm," cried the Douglas, "one and all !"
And vanished from the echoing wall.

“Arm !” was the word ; along it ran
Through manor, bayle, and barbican ;
And clank and clatter burst at once
From every loop of hall and sconce.
With whoop of groom and warder’s call,
And prancing steeds, ’twas hurry all.

At first, like thunder’s distant tone,
The rattling din came rolling on ;
Echoed Dumlanrig woods around,
Louder and louder swelled the sound,
Till like the sheeted flame of wonder
That rends the shoals of heaven asunder.

When first the word, “To arms !” was given,
Glowed all the eastern porch of heaven ;
A wreathy cloud of orient brown
Had heralded the rising moon,
Whose verge was like a silver bow,
Bending o’er Ganna’s lofty brow ;
And ere above the mountain blue
Her wasted orb was rolled in view,
A thousand men in armour sheen
Stood ranked upon Dumlanrig green.

The Nith they stemmed in firm array ;
For Cample-ford they bent their way.
Than Douglas and his men that night
Never saw yeomen nobler sight ;
Mounted on tall curvetting steed,
He rode undaunted at their head ;
His shadow on the water still
Like giant on a moving hill.

The ghastly bull's-head scowled on high,
Emblem of death to foeman's eye ;
And bloody hearts on streamers pale
Waved wildly in the midnight gale.

O, haste thee, Douglas ! haste and ride !
Thy kinsmen's corpses stem the tide.
What red, what dauntless youth is he,
Who stands in Cample to the knee,
Whose arm of steel and weapon good
Still dyes the stream with Southern blood,
While round him fall his faithful men ?
'Tis Morison of Locherben.

O, haste thee, Douglas, to the fray,
Ere won be that important way !
The Southron's countless prey, within
The dreadful coils of Crighup linn, *waterfall*
No passage from the moor can find—
The wood below, the gulf behind :
One pass there is, and one alone,
And in that pass stands Morison.
Who crosses there, or man or beast,
Must make their passage o'er his breast,
And over heaps of mangled dead
That dam red Cample from his bed.
His sister's cries his soul alarm,
And add new vigour to his arm.
His twenty men are waned to ten—
O, haste to dauntless Locherben !

The Southrons, baulked, impatient turn,
And crowd once more the fatal bourn.

All desperate grew the work of death,
 No yielding but with yielding breath ;
 Even still lay every death-struck man
 For footing to the furious van.
 The little band was seized with dread,
 Behind their rampart of the dead ;
 Power from their arms began to fly,
 And hope within their breasts to die,
 When loud they heard the cheering word
 Of—"Douglas ! Douglas !" cross the ford ;
 Then turned the Southron swift as wind,
 For fierce the battle raged behind.

O stay, brave Morison ! O stay !
 Guard but that pass till break of day ;
 Thy flocks, thy sister to retrieve,
 That task to doughty Douglas leave :
 Let not thine ardour all betray—
 Thy might is spent—brave warrior, stay !

O, for the lyre of heaven that rung
 When Linden's lofty hymn was sung ;
 Or his who from the height beheld
 The reeling strife of Flodden field !
 Then far on wing of genius borne
 Should ring the wonders of that morn :
 Morn !—ah ! how many a warrior bold
 That morn was never to behold !
 When rival rank to rank drew nigh,
 When eye was fixed on foeman's eye,
 When lowered was lance, and bent was bow,
 And faulchion clenched to strike the blow,
 No breath was heard, nor clank of mail,

Each face with rage grew deadly pale :
Trembled the moon's reluctant ray,
The breeze of heaven sunk soft away.

So furious was that onset's shock,
Destruction's gates at once unlock ;
'Twas like the earthquake's hollow groan,
When towers and towns are overthrown ;
'Twas like the river's midnight crush,
When snows dissolve and torrents rush,
When fields of ice, in rude array,
Obstruct its own resistless way :
'Twas like the whirlwind's rending sweep,
'Twas like the tempest of the deep,
Where Corrybraken's surges driven
Meet, mount, and lash the breast of heaven.

'Twas foot to foot and brand to brand,
Oft hilt to hilt and hand to hand ;
Oft gallant foemen, woe to tell,
Dead in each other's bosoms fell.
The horsemen met with might and main,
Then reeled, and wheeled, and met again.
A thousand spears on hauberks bang,
A thousand swords on helmets clang.
Where might was with the feeble blent,
Still there the line of battle bent ;
As oft recoiled from flank assail,
While blows fell thick as rattling hail.
Nature stood mute that fateful hour,
All save the ranks on Cample-moor,
And mountain goats that left their den,
And bleating fled to Garroch glen.

Durlanrig, aye in battle keen,
 The foremost in the broil was seen ;
 Woe to the warrior dared withstand
 The progress of his deadly brand !
 He sat so firm, he reined so well,
 Whole ranks before his charger fell.
 A valiant youth kept by his side,
 With crest and armour crimson dyed,
 Charged still with him the yielding foe,
 And seconded his every blow.
 The Douglas wondered whence he came,
 And asked his lineage and his name :
 'Twas he who kept the narrow way,
 Who raised at first the battle-fray,
 And roused Durlanrig and his men—
 Brave Morison of Locherben.

"My chief," he said, "forgive my fear
 For one than life to me more dear ;
 But late I heard my sister cry,
 'Durlanrig, now thy weapon ply.'
 Her guard waits in yon hollow lea,
 Beneath the shade of spreading tree."

Durlanrig's eye with ardour shone ;
 "Follow !" he cried, and spurred him on.
 A close gazoon the horsemen made,
 Douglas and Morison the head.
 And through the ranks impetuous bore
 By dint of lance and broad claymore,
 'Mid shouts and groans of parting life,
 For hard and doubtful was the strife.
 Behind a knight, firm belted on,

They found the fair May Morison.
But why, through all Dumlanrig's train,
Search her bright eyes, and search in vain ?
A stranger mounts her on his steed ;
Brave Morison, where art thou fled ?
The drivers for their booty feared,
And, soon as Cample-ford was cleared,
To work they fell, and forced away
Across the stream their mighty prey.
The bleating flocks in terror ran
Across the bloody breast of man ;
Even the dull cattle gazed with dread,
And lowing, foundered o'er the dead.

The Southrons still the fight maintain ;
Though broke, they closed and fought again,
Till shouting drivers gave the word,
That all the flocks had cleared the ford ;
Then to that pass the bands retire,
And safely braved Dumlanrig's ire.
Rashly he tried, and tried in vain,
That steep, that fatal path to gain ;
Madly prolonged th' unequal fray,
And lost his men, and lost the day.
Amid the battle's fiercest shock
Three spears were on his bosom broke ;
Then forced in flight to seek remede,
Had it not been his noble steed
That swift away his master bore,
He ne'er had seen Dumlanrig more.

The day-beam, from his moonlight sleep,
O'er Queensberry began to peep,

Kneeled drowsy on the mountain fern,
 At length rose tiptoe on the cairn,
 Embracing, in his bosom pale,
 The stars, the moon, and shadowy dale.
 Then what a scene appalled the view,
 On Cample-moor as dawning drew !
 Along the purple heather spread
 Lay mixed the dying and the dead ;
 Stern foemen there from quarrel cease,
 Who ne'er before had met in peace ;
 Two kinsmen good the Douglas lost
 With full three hundred of his host,
 With one by him lamented most,
 The flower of all the Nithsdale men,
 Young Morison of Locherben.

The Southrons did no foot pursue,
 Nor seek the conflict to renew ;
 They knew not at the rising sun
 What mischief they'd to Douglas done,
 But to the south pursued their way,
 Glad to escape with such a prey.

Brave Douglas, where thy pride of weir ? *war*
 How stinted in thy bold career !
 Woe, that the Lowther eagle's look
 Should shrink before the Lowland rook !
 Woe, that the lordly lion's paw
 Of ravening wolves should sink in awe !
 But doubly woe, the purple heart
 Should tarnished from the field depart !

Was it the loss of kinsmen dear,
Or crusted scratch of Southron spear ?
Was it thy dumb, thy sullen host,
Thy glory by misconduct lost ?
Or thy proud bosom, swelling high,
Made the round tear roll in thine eye ?
Ah ! no ; thy heart was doomed to prove
The sharper pang of slighted love.

What vision lingers on the heath,
Flitting across the field of death,
Its gliding motion smooth and still
As vapour on the twilight hill,
Or the last ray of falling even
Shed through the parting clouds of heaven ?

Is it a sprite that roams forlorn ?
Or angel from the bowers of morn
Come down a tear of heaven to shed
In pity o'er the valiant dead ?
No vain, no fleeting phantom this,
No vision from the bowers of bliss.
Its radiant eye and stately tread
Bespeak some beauteous mountain maid :
No rose of Eden's bosom meek
Could match that maiden's moistened cheek ;
No drifted wreath of morning snow
The whiteness of her lofty brow ;
No gem of India's purest dye
The lustre of her eagle eye.

When beauty, Eden's bowers within,
First stretched the arm to deeds of sin,

When passion burned, and prudence slept,
 The pitying angels bent and wept.
 But tears more soft were never shed,
 No, not when angels bowed the head ;
 A sigh more mild did never breathe
 O'er human nature whelmed in death,
 Nor woe and dignity combine
 In face so lovely, so benign,
 As Douglas saw that dismal hour
 Bent o'er a corse on Cample-moor ;
 A lady o'er her shield, her trust,
 A brave, an only brother's dust !

What heart of man unmoved can lie
 When plays the smile in beauty's eye ?
 Or when a form of grace and love
 To music's notes can lightly move ?
 Yes, there are hearts unmoved can see
 The smile, the ring, the revelry ;
 But heart of warrior ne'er could bear
 The beam of beauty's crystal tear.
 Well was that morn the maxim proved—
 The Douglas saw, the Douglas loved.

“ O, cease thy tears, my lovely May,
 Sweet floweret of the banks of Ae,
 His soul thou never canst recall—
 He fell as warrior wont to fall.
 Deep, deep, the loss we both bewail,
 But that deep loss to countervail,
 Far as the day-flight of the hern,
 From Locherben to green Glencairn,
 From where the Shinnel torrents pour

To the lone vales of Crawford-moor,
The fairy links of Tweed and Lyne,
All, all the Douglas has is thine,
And Douglas too, whate'er betide,
Straight thou shalt be Dumlanrig's bride."

"What ! mighty chief, a bride to thee !
No, by yon heaven's High Majesty !
Sooner I'll beg, forlorn and poor,
Bent at thy meanest vassal's door,
Than look thy splendid halls within,
Thou deer, wrapt in a lion's skin !

"Here lies thy bravest knight in death ;
Thy kinsmen strew the purple heath ;
What boot thy boasted mountains green ?
Nor flock, nor herd, can there be seen ;
All driven before the vaunting foe
To ruthless slaughter, bleat and low,
Whilst thou—shame on thy dastard head !
A wooing com'st amid the dead.

"O, that this feeble maiden hand
Could bend the bow, or wield the brand !
If yeomen mustered in my hall,
Or trooped obsequious at my call,
My country's honour I'd restore,
And shame thy face for evermore.
Go, first thy flocks and herds regain,
Revenge thy friends in battle slain,
Thy wounded honour heal ; that done,
Douglas may ask May Morison."

Dumlanrig's blood to bosom rushed,
 His manly cheek like crimson blushed.
 He called three yeomen to his side :
 "Haste, gallant warriors, haste and ride !
 Warn Lindsay on the banks of Daur,
 The fierce M'Turk and Lochinvaur ;
 Tell them that Lennox flies amain,
 That Maxwell and Glencairn are ta'en ;
 Kilpatrick with the spoiler rides,
 The Johnston flies, and Jardine hides ;
 That I alone am left to fight
 For country's cause and sovereign's right.
 My friends are fallen—my warriors toiled—
 My towns are burnt—my vassals spoiled :
 Yet say—before to-morrow's sun
 With amber tips the mountain dun,
 Either that host of ruthless thieves
 I'll scatter like the forest leaves,
 Or my wrung heart shall cease to play,
 And my right hand the sword to sway.
 At Blackwood I'll their coming bide :
 Haste, gallant warriors, haste and ride !"

He spoke—each yeoman bent his eye,
 And forward stooped in act to fly ;
 No plea was urged, no short demur ;
 Each heel was turned to strike the spur.

As ever ye saw the red deer's brood,
 From covert sprung, traverse the wood,
 Or heath-fowl beat the mountain wind,
 And leave the fowler fixt behind ;
 As ever ye saw three arrows spring

At once from yew-bow's twanging string—
So flew the messengers of death,
And, lessening, vanished in the heath.

The Douglas bade his troops with speed
Prepare due honours for the dead,
And meet well armed at evening still
On the green cone of Blackford-hill.
There came M'Turk to aid the war
With troops from Shinnel glens and Scaur ;
Fierce Gordon with the clans of Ken,
And Lindsay with his Crawford men ;
Old Morton, too, forlorn and gray,
Whose son had fallen at break of day.

If troops on earth may e'er withstand
An onset made by Scottish brand,
Then lawless rapine sways the throng,
And conscience whispers—"This is wrong."
But should a foe, whate'er his might,
To Scotia's soil dispute the right,
Or dare on native mountain claim
The poorest atom boasts her name,
Though high that warrior's banners soar,
Let him beware the broad claymore.

Scotland ! thy honours long have stood,
Though rudely cropt, though rolled in blood,
Yet, bathed in warm and purple dew,
More glorious o'er the ruin grew.
Long flourished thy paternal line ;
Arabia's lineage stoops to thine.

Dumlanrig found his foes secure,
 Stretched on the ridge of Locher-moor ;
 The hum that wandered from their host
 Far on the midnight breeze was lost.
 No deafening drum, no bugle's swell,
 No watch-word past from sentinel,
 No slight vibration stirred the air
 To warn the Scott a foe was there,
 Save bleat of flocks that wandered slow,
 And oxen's deep and sullen low.

What horrors o'er the warrior hang !
 What vultures watch his soul to fang !
 What toils ! what snares !—he hies him on
 Where lightnings flash and thunders groan ;
 Where havoc strikes whole legions low,
 And death's red billows murmuring flow ;
 Yet still he fumes and flounders on,
 Till crushed the moth—its memory gone.

Why should the bard, who loves to mourn
 His maiden's scorn by mountain bourn,
 Or pour his wild harp's fairy tone
 From sounding cliff or green-wood lone,
 Of slaughtered foemen proudly tell,
 On deeds of death and horror dwell ?

Dread was Dumlanrig's martial ire,
 Fierce on the foe he rushed like fire ;
 Lindsay of Crawford, known to fame,
 That night first gained a hero's name :
 The brave M'Turk of Stenhouse stood
 Bathed to the knees in Southron blood ;

A bold and generous chief was he,
And come of ancient pedigree ;
And Gordon with his Galloway crew
O'er floundering ranks resistless flew,
Short was the strife—they fled as fast
As chaff before the northern blast.

Dumlanrig's flocks were not a few,
And well their worth Dumlanrig knew ;
But ne'er so proud was he before
Of his broad bounds and countless store,
As when they sprung up Nithsdale plain,
Well guarded to their hills again.
With Douglas' name the green-woods rung,
As battle-songs his warriors sung.
The banners streamed in double row,
The heart above, the rose below.
His visage glowed, his pulse beat high,
And gladness sparkled in his eye ;
For why, he knew the lovely May,
Who in Kilpatrick's Castle lay,
With joy his proud return would view,
And her impetuous censure rue.

Well judged he. Why should haughty chief
Intrude himself on lady's grief,
As if his right, as nought but he
Were worthy her anxiety ?
No, warrior, keep thy distance due !
Beauty is proud and jealous too.
If fair and young thy maiden be,
Know she knew that ere told by thee.
Be kind, be gentle, heave the sigh,

And blush before her piercing eye ;
 For though thou'rt noble, brave, and young,
 If rough thy mien and rude thy tongue,
 Though proudly towers thy trophied pile,
 Hope not for beauty's yielding smile.
 Oh ! well it suits the brave and high
 Gentle to prove in lady's eye.

Dumlanrig found his lovely flower
 Fair as the sun-beam o'er the shower,
 Gentle as zephyr of the plain,
 Sweet as the rose-bud after rain :
 Gone all her scorn and maiden pride,
 She blushed Dumlanrig's lovely bride.

James of Dumlanrig, though thy name
 Scarce vibrates in the ear of fame,
 But for thy might and valour keen
 That gallant house had never been.

Blest be thy memory, gallant man !
 Oft flashed thy broad-sword in the van,
 When stern rebellion reared the brand,
 And stained the laurels of our land,
 No knight unshaken stood like thee,
 In right of injured majesty.
 Even yet, o'er thy forgotten bier
 A minstrel drops the burning tear,
 And strikes his wild harp's boldest string,
 Thy honours on the breeze to fling,
 That mountains once thine own may know
 From whom the Queensberry honours flow.

Fair be thy memory, gallant knight !
So true in love, so brave in fight !
Though o'er thy children's princely urn
The sculpture towers, and seraphs mourn,
O'er thy green grave shall wave the yew,
And heaven distil its earliest dew.

.

When ceased the bard's protracted song,
Circled a smile the fair among ;
The song was free, and soft its fall,
So soothing, yet so bold withal,
They loved it well, yet, sooth to say,
Too long, too varied was the lay.

'Twas now the witching time of night,
When reason strays, and forms that fright
Are shadowed on the palsied sight ;
When fancy moulds upon the mind
Light visions on the passing wind,
And woos with faltering tongue and sigh
The shades o'er memory's wilds that fly ;
And much the circle longed to hear
Of gliding ghost or gifted seer,
That in that still and solemn hour
Might stretch imagination's power,
And restless fancy revel free
In painful, pleasing luxury.
Just as the battle-tale was done
The watchman called the hour of one.

Lucky the hour for him who came,
Lucky the wish of every dame,

The bard who rose at herald's call
Was wont to sing in Highland hall,
Where the wild chieftain of M'Lean
Upheld his dark Hebridian reign ;
Where floated crane and clamorous gull
Above the misty shores of Mull ;
And evermore the billows rave
Round many a saint and sovereign's grave.
There round Columba's ruins gray
The shades of monks are wont to stray,
And slender forms of nuns, that weep,
In moonlight by the murmuring deep,
O'er early loves and passions crost,
And being's end for ever lost.
No earthly form their names to save,
No stem to flourish o'er their grave,
No blood of theirs beyond the shrine
To nurse the human soul divine,
Still cherish youth by time unworn,
And flow in ages yet unborn ;
While mind, surviving evermore,
Unbodied seeks that lonely shore.

In that wild land our minstrel bred
From youth a life of song had led,
Wandering each shore and upland dull,
With Allan Bawn, the bard of Mull,
To sing the deeds of old Fingal
In every cot and Highland hall.

Well knew he every ghost that came
To visit fair Hebridian dame
Was that of Monk or Abbot gone,

Who once, in cell of pictured stone,
Of woman thought, and her alone.

Well knew he, every female shade
To westland chief that visit paid
In morning pale, or evening dun,
Was that of fair lamenting nun,
Who once, in cloistered home forlorn,
Languished for joys in youth forsworn ;
And oft himself had seen them glide
At dawning from his own bed-side.

Forth stepped he with uncourtly bow,
The heron plume waved o'er his brow,
His garb was blent with varied shade,
And round him flowed his Highland plaid ;
But woe to Southland dame and knight
In minstrel's tale who took delight ;
Though known the air, the song he sung
Was in the barbarous Highland tongue :
But tartaned chiefs in rapture hear
The strains, the words, to them so dear.

Thus ran the bold portentous lay,
As near as Southern tongue can say.

THE ABBOT M'KINNON.

THE SEVENTEENTH BARD'S SONG.

M'Kinnon's tall mast salutes the day,
And beckons the breeze in Iona bay ;
Plays lightly up in the morning sky,

And nods to the green wave rolling bye ;
The anchor upheaves, the sails unfurl,
The pennons of silk in the breezes curl ;
But not one monk on holy ground
Knows whither the Abbot M'Kinnon is bound.

Well could that bark o'er the ocean glide,
Though monks and friars alone must guide,
For never man of other degree
On board that sacred ship might be.
On deck M'Kinnon walked soft and slow,
The haulers sung from the gilded prow ;
The helmsman turned his brow to the sky,
Upraised his cowl, and upraised his eye,
And away shot the bark on the wing of the wind,
Over billow and bay like an image of mind.

Aloft on the turret the monks appear,
To see where the bark of their Abbot would bear ;
They saw her sweep from Iona bay,
And turn her prow to the north away,
Still lessen to view in the hazy screen,
And vanish amid the islands green.
Then they turned their eyes to the female dome,
And thought of the nuns till the Abbot came home.

Three times the night with aspect dull
Came stealing o'er the moors of Mull ;
Three times the sea-gull left the deep,
To doze on the knob of the dizzy steep,
By the sound of the ocean lulled to sleep ;
And still the watch-light sailors see
On the top of the spire, and the top of Dun-ye ;

And the laugh rings through the sacred dome,
For still the Abbot is not come home.

But the wolf that nightly swam the sound
From Rosa's rude impervious bound,
On the ravenous burrowing race to feed
That loved to haunt the home of the dead,
To him Saint Columb had left in trust
To guard the bones of the royal and just,
Of saints and of kings the sacred dust ;
The savage was scared from his charnel of death,
And swam to his home in hunger and wrath,
For he momentarily saw, through the night so dun,
The cowering monk and the veiled nun
Whispering, sighing, and stealing away
By cross, dark alley, and portal gray.
O, wise was the founder, and well said he,
"Where there are women, mischief must be."

No more the watch-fires gleam to the blast,
M'Kinnon and friends arrive at last.
A stranger youth to the isle they brought,
Modest of mien and deep of thought,
In costly sacred robes bedight,
And he lodged with the Abbot by day and by night.

His breast was graceful and round withal,
His leg was taper, his foot was small,
And his tread so light that it flung no sound
On listening ear or vault around.
His eye was the morning's brightest ray,
And his neck like the swan's in Iona Bay ;
His teeth the ivory polished new,

And his lip like the morel when glossed *cherry*
with dew,
While under his cowl's embroidered fold
Were seen the curls of waving gold.
This comely youth, of beauty so bright,
Abode with the Abbot by day and by night.

When arm in arm they walked the isle,
Young friars would beckon, and monks would smile,
But sires, in dread of sins unshriven,
Would shake their heads and look up to heaven,
Afraid the frown of the saint to see
Who reared their temple amid the sea,
And pledged his soul to guard the dome
Till virtue should fly her western home.
But now a stranger of hidden degree,
Too fair, too gentle, a man to be,
This stranger of beauty and step so light
Abode with the Abbot by day and by night.

The months and the days flew lightly bye,
The monks were kind and the nuns were shy ;
But the gray-haired sires, in trembling mood,
Kneeled at the altar and kissed the rood.

M'Kinnon he dreamed that the saint of the isle
Stood by his side, and with courteous smile
Bade him arise from his guilty sleep,
And pay his respects to the God of the deep,
In temple that north in the main appeared,
Which fire from bowels of ocean had seared,
Which the giant boulders of heaven had reared,
To rival in grandeur the stately pile

Himself had upreared in Iona's isle ;
For round them rose the mountains of sand,
The fishes had left the coasts of the land,
And so high ran the waves of the angry sea,
They had drizzled the cross on the top of Dun-ye.
The cycle was closed, and the period run
He had vowed to the sea, he had vowed to the sun,
If in that time rose trouble or pain,
Their homage to pay to the God of the main.
Then he bade him haste and the rites prepare,
Named all the monks should with him fare,
And promised again to see him there.

M'Kinnon awoke from his visioned sleep,
He opened his casement and looked on the deep ;
He looked to the mountains, he looked to the shore,
The vision amazed him and troubled him sore,
He never had heard of the rite before ;
But all was so plain, he thought meet to obey ;
He durst not decline, and he would not delay.

Uprose the Abbot, uprose the morn,
Uprose the sun from the Bens of Lorn ;
And the bark her course to the northward framed,
With all on board whom the saint had named.

The clouds were journeying east the sky,
The wind was low and the swell was high,
And the glossy sea was heaving bright
Like ridges and hills of liquid light ;
While far on her lubric bosom were seen
The magic dyes of purple and green.

How joyed the bark her sides to lave !
She leaned to the lee, and she girdled the wave,
Aloft on the stayless verge she hung,
Light on the steep wave veered and swung,
And the crests of the billows before her flung.
Loud murmured the ocean with downward growl,
The seal swam aloof and the dark sea-fowl,
The pye-duck sought the depth of the main,
And rose in the wheel of her wake again ;
And behind her, far to the southward, shone
A pathway of snow on the waste alone.

But now the dreadful strand they gain,
Where rose the sacred dome of the main ;
Oft had they seen the place before,
And kept aloof from the dismal shore,
But now it rose before their prow,
And what they beheld they did not know.
The tall gray forms, in close-set file,
Upholding the roof of that holy pile,
The sheets of foam and the clouds of spray,
And the groans that rushed from the portals gray,
Appalled their hearts, and drove them away.

They wheeled their bark to the east around,
And moored in basin, by rocks imbound ;
Then, awed to silence, they trode the strand
Where furnaced pillars in order stand,
All framed of the liquid burning levin,
And bent like the bow that spans the heaven,
Or upright ranged in horrid array,
With purple of green o'er the darksome gray.

Their path was on wondrous pavement of old,
Its blocks all cast in some giant mould,
Fair hewn and grooved by no mortal hand,
With countermure guarded by sea and by land.
The watcher Bushella frowned over their way,
Enrobed in the sea-baize and hooded with gray ;
The warder that stands by that dome of the deep,
With spray-shower and rainbow, the entrance to keep.
But when they drew nigh to the chancel of ocean,
And saw her waves rush to their raving devotion,
Astounded and awed to the antes they clung,
And listened the hymns in her temple she sung.
The song of the cliff, when the winter winds blow,
The thunder of heaven, the earthquake below,
Conjoined, like the voice of a maiden would be,
Compared with the anthem there sung by the sea.

The solemn rows in that darksome den
Were dimly seen like the forms of men,
Like giant monks in ages ago,
Whom the God of the Ocean had seared to stone,
And bound in his temple for ever to lean,
In sackcloth of gray and visors of green,
An everlasting worship to keep,
And the big salt tears eternally weep.

So rapid the motion, the whirl and the boil,
So loud was the tumult, so fierce the turmoil,
Appalled from those portals of terror they turn,
On pillar of marble their incense to burn.
Around the holy flame they pray,
Then turning their faces all west away,

On angel pavement each bent his knee,
And sung this hymn to the God of the sea.

THE MONKS' HYMN.

Thou who makest the ocean to flow,
Thou who walkest the channels below,
To thee, to thee, this incense we heap ;
Thou, who knowest not hunger nor sleep,
Great Spirit that movest on the face of the deep,
To thee, to thee, we sing to thee,
God of the western wind, God of the sea !

To thee, who bringest with thy right hand
The little fishes around our land ;
To thee, who breathest in the bosomed sail,
Rulest the shark and the rolling whale,
Flingest the sinner to downward grave,
Lightest the gleam on the mane of the wave,
Bid'st the billows thy reign deform,
Laugh'st in the whirlwind, sing'st in the storm ;
Or risest like mountain amid the sea,
Where mountain was never and never will be,
And rearest thy proud and thy pale

chaperoon

hood

'Mid walks of the angels and ways of the moon.
To thee, to thee, this wine we pour,
God of the western wind, God of the shower !

To thee, who bid'st those mountains of brine
Softly sink in the fair moonshine,
And spread'st thy couch of silver light
To lure to thy bosom the queen of the night,

Who weavest the cloud of the ocean dew,
And the mist that sleeps on her breast so blue ;
When the murmurs die at the base of the hill,
And the shadows lie rocked and slumbering still,
And the Solan's young, and the lines of foam,
Are scarcely heaved on thy peaceful home,
We pour this oil and this wine to thee,
God of the western wind, God of the sea !
"Greater yet must the offering be."

The monks gazed round, the Abbot grew wan,
For the closing notes were not sung by man.
They came from the rock, or they came from the air,
From voice they knew not, and knew not where ;
But it sung with a mournful melody,
"Greater yet must the offering be."

In holy dread they past away,
And they walked the ridge of that isle so gray,
And saw the white waves toil and fret
An hundred fathoms below their feet ;
They looked to the countless isles that lie
From Barra to Mull, and from Jura to Skye ;
They looked to heaven, they looked to the main,
They looked at all with a silent pain,
As on places they were not to see again.

A little bay lies hid from sight,
O'erhung by cliffs of dreadful height ;
When they drew nigh that airy steep,
They heard a voice rise from the deep,
And that voice was sweet as sweet could be,
And they feared it came from the Maid of the Sea.

M'Kinnon lay stretched on the verge of the hill,
And peeped from the height on the bay so still ;
And he saw her sit on a weedy stone,
Laving her fair breast, and singing alone ;
And aye she sank the wave within
Till it gurgled around her lovely chin,
Then combed her locks of the pale sea-green,
And aye this song was heard between.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

Matilda of Skye
Alone may lie,
And list to the wind that whistles by ;
Sad may she be,
For deep in the sea,
Deep, deep, deep in the sea,
This night her lover shall sleep with me.
She may turn and hide
From the spirits that glide,
And the ghost that stands at her bed-side :
But never a kiss the vow shall seal,
Nor warm embrace her bosom feel ;
For far, far down in the floors below,
Moist as this rock-weed, cold as the snow,
With the eel, and the clam, and the pearl of the deep,
On soft sea-flowers her lover shall sleep ;
And long and sound shall his slumber be,
In the coral bowers of the deep, with me.

The trembling sun, far, far away,
Shall pour on his couch a softened ray,
And his mantle shall wave in the flowing tide,

And the little fishes shall turn aside ;
But the waves and the tides of the sea shall cease,
Ere wakes her love from his bed of peace.
No home ! no kiss ! No, never ! never !
His couch is spread for ever and ever.

The Abbot arose in dumb dismay,
They turned and fled from the height away,
For dark and portentous was the day.
When they came in view of their rocking sail,
They saw an old man who sat on the wale ;
His beard was long and silver grey,
Like the rime that falls at the break of day ;
His locks like wool, and his colour wan,
And he scarcely looked like an earthly man.

They asked his errand, they asked his name,
Whereunto bound, and whence he came ;
But a sullen thoughtful silence he kept,
And turned his face to the sea and wept.
Some gave him welcome, and some gave him scorn,
But the Abbot stood pale, with terror o'erborne ;
He tried to be jocund, but trembled the more,
For he thought he had seen the face before.

Away went the ship with her canvas all spread,
So glad to escape from that island of dread ;
And skimmed the blue wave like a streamer of light,
Till fell the dim veil 'twixt the day and the night.

Then the old man arose and stood up on the prow,
And fixed his dim eyes on the ocean below ;
And they heard him saying, " Oh, woe is me !

But great as the sin must the sacrifice be."
Oh, mild was his eye, and his manner sublime,
When he looked unto heaven, and said—"Now is the
time."

He looked to the weather, he looked to the lee,
He looked as for something he dreaded to see,
Then stretched his pale hand, and pointed his eye
To a gleam on the verge of the eastern sky.

The monks soon beheld, on the lofty Ben-More,
A sight which they never had seen before,
A belt of blue lightning around it was driven,
And its crown was encircled by morion of heaven ;
And they heard a herald that loud did cry,
"Prepare the way for the Abbot of I!" *Iona*

Then a sound arose, they knew not where,
It came from the sea, or it came from the air,
'Twas louder than tempest that ever blew,
And the sea-fowls screamed, and in terror flew ;
Some ran to the cords, some kneeled at the shrine,
But all the wild elements seemed to combine ;
'Twas just but one moment of stir and commotion,
And down went the ship like a bird of the ocean.

This moment she sailed all stately and fair,
The next, nor ship nor shadow was there,
But a boil that arose from the deep below,
A mountain gurgling column of snow ;
It sunk away with a murmuring moan—
The sea is calm, and the sinners are gone.

CONCLUSION.

Friend of the bard, peace to thy heart !
Long hast thou acted generous part,
Long hast thou courteously in pain
Attended to a feeble strain,
While oft abashed has sunk thine eye—
Thy task is done, the Wake is bye.

I saw thy fear ; I knew it just ;
'Twas not for minstrels long in dust,
But for the fond and venturous swain
Who dared to wake their notes again ;
Yet oft thine eye has spoke delight,
I marked it well, and blessed the sight ;
No sour disdain, nor manner cold,
Noted contempt for tales of old ;
Oft hast thou at the fancies smiled,
And marvelled at the legends wild ;
Thy task is o'er ; peace to thy heart !
For thou hast acted generous part.

'Tis said that thirty bards appeared,
That thirty names were registered,
With whom were titled chiefs combined,
But some are lost, and some declined
Woe's me that all my mountain lore
Has been unfit to rescue more,
And that my guideless rustic skill
Has told those ancient tales so ill !

The prize harp still hung on the wall ;
The bards were warned to leave the hall
Till courtiers gave the judgment true
To whom the splendid prize was due.
What curious wight will pass with me
The anxious motley group to see ;
List their remarks of right and wrong,
Of skilful hand and faulty song,
And drink one glass the bards among ?

There sit the men—behold them there
Made maidens quake and courtiers stare,
Whose names shall future ages tell ;
What do they seem ? behold them well !
A simpler race you shall not see,
Awkward and vain as men can be ;
Light as the fumes of fervid wine,
Or foam-bells floating on the brine,
The gossamers in air that sail,
Or down that dances in the gale.

Each spoke of other's fame and skill
With high applause but jealous will.
Each song, each strain, he erst had known,
And all had faults except his own.
Plaudits were mixed with meaning jeers,
For all had hopes, and all had fears.

A herald rose the court among,
And named each bard, and named his song ;
Rizzio was named from royal chair—
“ Rizzio ! ” re-echoed many a fair.
Each song had some that song approved

And voices gave for bard beloved.
The first division called and done,
Gardyn stood highest just by one.
No merits can the courtier sway,
'Twas then, it seems, as at this day.

Queen Mary reddened, wroth was she
Her favourite thus outdone to see.
Reproved her squire in high disdain,
And caused him call the votes again.
Strange though it seem, the truth I say,
Feature of that unyielding day,
Her favourite's voters counted o'er
Were found much fewer than before.
Glistened her eyes with pungent dew ;
She found with whom she had to do.

Again the royal gallery rung
With names of those who second sung,
When, spite of haughty Highland blood,
The Bard of Ettrick upmost stood.

The rest were named who sung so late,
And, after long and keen debate,
The specious nobles of the south
Carried the nameless stranger youth,
Though Highland wrath was at the full,
Contending for the Bard of Mull.

Then did the worst dispute begin,
Which of the *three* the prize should win.
'Twas party all, not minstrel worth,
But honour of the south and north ;

And nought was heard throughout the court
But taunt, and sneer, and fierce retort.
High ran the words, and fierce the fume,
And from beneath each nodding plume
Red look was cast that vengeance said,
And palm on broad-sword's hilt was laid,
While Lowland jeer and Highland mood
Threatened to end the Wake in blood.

Rose from his seat the Lord of Mar,
Serene in counsel as in war.
"For shame," said he, "contendants all !
This outrage done in royal hall
Is to our country foul disgrace :
What ! mock our Sovereign to her face ?
Whose generous heart and taste refined,
Alike to bard and courtier kind,
This high repast for all designed !
For shame ! your party strife suspend,
And list the counsel of a friend.

"Unmeet it is for you or me
To lessen one of all the three,
Each excellent in his degree ;
But taste, as sapient sages tell,
Varies with climes in which we dwell.

"Fair emblem of the Border dale
Is cadence soft and simple tale,
While stern romantic Highland clime
Still nourishes the rude sublime.

"If Border ear may taste the worth
Of the wild pathos of the north,
Or that sublimed by Ossian's lay
By forest dark and mountain gray,
By clouds which frowning cliffs deform,
By roaring flood and raving storm,
Enjoy the smooth, the fairy tale,
Or evening song of Teviotdale ;
Then trow you may the tides adjourn,
And nature from her path-way turn ;
The wild-duck drive to mountain-tree,
The capperkayle to swim the sea,
The heath-cock to the shelvy shore,
The partridge to the mountain hoar,
And bring the red-eyed ptarmigan
To dwell by the abodes of man.

"To end this strife, unrul'd and vain,
Let all the three be called again,
Their skill alternately be tried,
And let the Queen alone decide.
Then hushed be jeer and answer proud !"
He said, and all, consenting, bowed.

When word was brought to bards' retreat,
The group were all in dire debate ;
The Border youth (that stranger wight)
Had quarrell'd with the clans outright,
Had placed their merits out of ken,
Deriding both the songs and men.
'Tis said—but few the charge believes—
He branded them as fools and thieves.
Certes that war and woe had been,

For gleaming dirks unsheathed were seen,
The Highland minstrels ill could brook
His taunting word and haughty look.

The youth was chafed, and with disdain
Refused to touch his harp again ;
Said he desired no more renown
Than keep those Highland boasters down ;
Now he had seen them quite outdone,
The south had two, the north had one ;
But should they bear the prize away,
For that he should not, would not play ;
He cared for no such guerdon mean,
Nor for the harp, nor for the Queen.

His claim withdrawn, the victors twain
Repaired to prove their skill again.

The song that tuneful Gardyn sung
Is still admired by old and young,
And long shall be at evening fold,
While songs are sung or tales are told,
Of stolen delights began the song,
Of love the Carron woods among,
Of lady borne from Carron side
To Barnard towers and halls of pride,
Of jealous lord and doubtful bride,
And ended with Gilmorice' doom
Cut off in manhood's early bloom.
Soft rung the closing notes and slow,
And every heart was steeped in woe.

The harp of Ettrick rung again ;
Her bard, intent on fairy strain,
And fairy freak by moonlight shaw, *wood*
Sung young Tam Linn of Caterha'.

Queen Mary's harp on high that hung,
And every tone responsive rung,
With gems of gold that dazzling shone,
That harp is to the Highlands gone ;
Gardyn is crowned with garlands gay,
And bears the envied prize away.
Long, long that harp, the hills among,
Resounded Ossian's warrior song,
Waked slumbering lyres from every tree
Adown the banks of Don and Dee,
At length was borne, by beauteous bride,
To woo the airs on Garry side.

When full two hundred years had fled,
And all the northern bards were dead,
That costly harp of wondrous mould,
Defaced of all its gems and gold,
With that which Gardyn erst did play,
Back to Dunedin found its way.

As Mary's hand the victor crowned,
And twined the wreath his temples round,
Loud were the shouts of Highland chief—
The Lowlanders were dumb with grief ;
And the poor Bard of Ettrick stood
Like statue pale, in moveless mood ;
Like ghost, which oft his eyes had seen
At gloaming in his glens so green.

Queen Mary saw the minstrel's pain,
And bade from bootless grief refrain.

She said a boon to him should fall
Worth all the harps in royal hall ;
Of Scottish song a countless store,
Precious remains of minstrel lore,
And cottage, by a silver rill,
Should all reward his rustic skill :
Did other gift his bosom claim,
He needed but that gift to name.

"O, my fair Queen," the minstrel said,
With faltering voice and hanging head,
"Your cottage keep, and minstrel lore—
Grant me a harp, I ask no more.
From thy own hand a lyre I crave,
That boon alone my heart can save."

"Well hast thou asked ; and be it known
I have a harp of old renown
Hath many an ardent wight beguiled ;
'Twas framed by wizard of the wild,
And will not yield one measure bland
Beneath a skill-less stranger hand ;
But once her powers by progress found,
O there is magic in the sound !

"When worldly woes oppress thy heart—
And thou and all must share a part—
Should scorn be cast from maiden's eye,
Should friendship fail, or fortune fly,
Steal with thy harp to lonely brake,

Her wild, her soothing numbers wake,
And soon corroding cares shall cease,
And passion's host be lulled to peace ;
Angels a gilded screen shall cast
That cheers the future, veils the past.

“That harp will make the elves of eve
Their dwellings in the moonbeam leave,
And ope thine eyes by haunted tree
Their glittering tiny forms to see.
The flitting shades that woo the glen
’Twill shape to forms of living men,
To forms on earth no more you see,
Who once were loved, and aye will be ;
And holiest converse you may prove
Of things below and things above.”

“That is, that is the harp for me !”
Said the rapt bard in ecstasy ;
“This soothing, this exhaustless store,
Grant me, my Queen, I ask no more.”

O, when the weeping minstrel laid
The relic in his old grey plaid,
When Holyrood he left behind
To gain his hills of mist and wind,
Never was hero of renown
Or monarch prouder of his crown.
He tript the vale, he climbed the coomb, *hill*
The mountain breeze began to boom ;
Aye when the magic chords it rung,
He raised his voice and blithely sung.
“Hush, my wild harp ! thy notes forbear ;

No blooming maids nor elves are here ;
Forbear awhile that witching tone,
Thou must not, canst not sing alone.
When Summer flings her watchet screen
At eve o'er Ettrick woods so green,
Thy notes shall many a heart beguile,
Young Beauty's eye shall o'er thee smile,
And fairies trip it merrily
Around my royal harp and me."

Long has that harp of magic tone
To all the minstrel world been known ;
Who has not heard her witching lays
Of Ettrick banks and Yarrow braes ?
But that sweet bard, who sung and played
Of many a feat and Border raid,
Of many a knight and lovely maid,
When forced to leave his harp behind
Did all her tuneful chords unwind ;
And many ages past and came
Ere man so well could tune the same.

Bangour the daring task essayed, *Hamilton of Bangour*
Not half the chords his fingers played ;
Yet even then some thrilling lays
Bespoke the harp of ancient days.

Redoubted Ramsay's peasant skill *Allan Ramsay*
Flung some strained notes along the hill ;
His was some lyre from lady's hall,
And not the mountain harp at all.

Langhorn arrived from Southern dale,
And chimed his notes on Yarrow vale ;
They would not, could not, touch the heart ;
His was the modish lyre of art.

Sweet rung the harp to Logan's hand :
Then Leyden came from Border land,
With dauntless heart and ardour high,
And wild impatience in his eye.
Though false his tones at times might be,
Though wild notes marred the symphony
Between, the glowing measure stole
That spoke the bard's inspired soul.
Sad were those strains, when hymned afar,
On the green vales of Malabar :
O'er seas beneath the golden morn
They travelled on the monsoon borne,
Thrilling the heart of Indian maid,
Beneath the wild banana's shade.
Leyden ! a shepherd wails thy fate,
And Scotland knows her loss too late.

The day arrived—blest be the day,
Walter the Abbot came that way ! *Sir Walter Scott*
The sacred relic met his view—
Ah ! well the pledge of Heaven he knew.
He screwed the chords, he tried a strain ;
'Twas wild—he tuned and tried again,
Then poured the numbers bold and free,
The ancient magic melody.

The land was charmed to list his lays,
It knew the harp of ancient days.

The Border chiefs, that long had been
In sepulchres unheard and green,
Passed from their mouldy vaults away
In armour red and stern array,
And by their moonlight halls were seen
In visor helm and habergeon.
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.

Blest be his generous heart for aye !
He told me where the relic lay ;
Pointed my way with ready will
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill ;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wondered at my minstrelsy :
He little weened a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

O could the bard I loved so long
Reprove my fond aspiring song ?
Or could his tongue of candour say
That I should throw my harp away ?
Just when her notes began with skill
To sound beneath the southern hill,
And twine around my bosom's core,
How could we part for evermore ?
'Twas kindness all, I cannot blame,
For bootless is the minstrel flame ;
But sure a bard might well have known
Another's feelings by his own !

Of change enamoured, woe the while !
He left our mountains, left the isle ;

And far to other kingdoms bore
The Caledonian harp of yore ;
But, to the land that framed her true,
Only by force one strain she threw.
That harp he never more shall see,
Unless 'mong Scotland's hills with me.

.

Now, my loved Harp, a while farewell !
I leave thee on the old gray thorn ;
The evening dew will mar thy swell
That waked to joy the cheerful morn.

Farewell, sweet soother of my woe !
Chill blows the blast around my head ;
And louder yet the blast may blow,
When down this weary vale I've sped.

The wreath lies on Saint Mary's shore ;
The mountain sounds are harsh and loud ;
The lofty brows of stern Clokmore
Are visored with the moving cloud.

But Winter's deadly hues shall fade
On moorland bald and mountain shaw,
And soon the rainbow's lovely shade
Sleep on the breast of Bowerhope Law ;

Then will the glowing suns of Spring,
The genial shower and stealing dew,
Wake every forest bird to sing,
And every mountain flower renew.

But not the rainbow's ample ring
That spans the glen and mountain grey,
Though fanned by western breeze's wing,
And sunned by Summer's glowing ray,

To man decayed can ever more
Renew the age of love and glee,
Can ever second spring restore
To my old mountain Harp and me.

But when the hue of softened green
Spreads over hill and lonely lea,
And lowly primrose opes unseen
Her virgin bosom to the bee ;

When hawthorns breathe their odours far,
And carols hail the year's return ;
And daisy spreads her silver star
Unheeded by the mountain burn ;

Then will I seek the aged thorn,
The haunted wild and fairy ring,
Where oft thy erring numbers borne
Have taught the wandering winds to sing.

OTHER POEMS

THE GUID GREY CAT

THERE was a cat, and a guid grey cat, *good*
That dwelt in the tower of Blain,
And many have heard of that guid grey
cat
That never shall hear again,

She had a brind upon her back,
And a bend above her bree, *band, eye-brow*
Her colours were the marled hues
That dapple the cranberrye.

But she had that within her eye
That man may never declare ;
For she had that within her eye
That mortal could not bear.

Sometimes a lady sought the tower
Of rich and fair beautye ;
Sometimes a hare came slyly there
Hitching richt wistfully. *Fidgeting, right*

But when they searched the tower of
Blain,
And sought full hard and long,
They found nought but the good grey
cat
Sitting thrumming at her song.

Then up she rose and paced away
Full stately o'er the stane, *stone*
And streekit out her braw hind leg *stretched, fine*
As nought at all had been.

Well might the wives in that country
Raise up a grievous stir,
For never a cat in all the land
Durst moop a mell with her. *meddle*

Whenever they looked into her face,
Their fears up grew so rife,
They snirted and they yelled thro' *snarled*
fright,
And ran for death and life.

The laird of Blain had aince a spouse, *once*
Right comely, good and kind,
But she had gone to the land of peace,
And left him sad behind.

He had seven daughters all so fair,
Of more than earthly grace ;
Seven bonnier babes ne'er breathed the
air,
Nor smiled in parent's face.

One day when they were all apart,
He said with heavy moan—
“What will become of my dear babes
Now when their mother’s gone ?

“O who will lead your tender minds
The path of ladyhood,
To think as ladies ought to think,
And feel as maidens should ?

“Well might it kythe on maiden’s *dawn*
mind
And maiden’s modestye,
The want of one was fitted well *one who was*
For task unmeet for me.”

But up then spoke the good grey cat
That sat by the hearth-stone—
“Now hold your tongue, my dear
master,
Nor make so deep a moan.

“For I will breed your seven daughters
To winsome ladyhood,
To think as ladies ought to think,
And feel as maidens should.

“I’ll breed them fair, I’ll breed them
free
From every shade of sin,
Fair as the blooming rose without
And pure in heart within.”

Full sore astonished was the laird,
A frightened man was he ;
But the sweet babies were full fain,
And chuckled joyfullye.

May Ella took the good grey cat
Right fondly on her knee ;
“ And hath my pussy learned to speak ?
I trow she learned of me.”

The cat sat thrumming at her song,
And turned her haffat sleek,
And drew her bonny bawsined side
Against the baby's cheek.

cheek
brindled

But the laird he was a cunning laird,
And he said with speeches fair—
“ I have a feast in hall to-night,
Sweet pussy, be you there ! ”

The cat she set a look on him
That turned his heart to stone—
“ If you have a feast in hall to-night,
I shall be there for one.”

The feast was laid, the table spread
With rich and noble store ;
And there was set the Bishop of Blain
With all his holy choir.

He was a wise and wily wight
Of witch and warlockry ;
And many a wife had burnt to lime,
Or hanged upon a tree.

magic

He knew their marks and moles of hell,
And made them joyfullye
Ride on the red-hot goad of iron—
A pleasant sight to see.

The Bishop said a holy grace,
Impatient to begin ;
But nothing of the good grey cat
Was found the tower within.

But in there came a fair ladye
Clad in the silken sheen ;
A winsomer and bonnier May
On earth was never seen.

prettier, girl

She took her seat at table head
With courtly modestye,
While every bosom burnt with love,
And fixed was every eye.

Sweet was her voice to all the ring
Unless the laird of Blain,
For he had heard that very voice
From off his own hearth-stane.

He barred the doors and windows fast,
He barred them to the gyn ;
“ Now in the grace of Heaven,” said
he,
“ Your exercise begin.

“ There is no peace nor happiness
For my poor babies’ souls

Until you try that weirdly witch, *fateful*
And roast her on the coals."

"If this she be," the Bishop said,
"This beauteous comely May,
'Tis meet I try her all alone,
To hear what she will say."

"No, by the rood !" the laird replied,
"None shall from this proceed
Until I see that wicked witch
Burnt to an izel red." *cinder*

The Bishop kneeled him down and
prayed
Till all their hairs did creep ;
And aye he sounded and he prayed
Till all were fast asleep.

He prayed against sin and Satan both,
And deeds of shift and shame ;
But all the while his faithful hands
Pressed close the comely dame.

Well saw the laird but nothing said,
He knew in holy zeal
He groped round for the marks of hell
Which he did know full well.

And aye he pressed her lily hand,
And kissed it fervently,
And prayed between, for oh ! a kind
And loving priest was he.

The Bishop stopp'd and started sore,
Wide gaping with affright,
For oh ! that fair and lily hand
Had turned a paw outright—

A paw with long and crooked claws ;
That breast of heavenly charm
Had turned to brisket of a cat *breast*
Full hairy and full warm.

And there she sat on long settee
With eyes of glancing flame,
And they were on the Bishop set
Like pointer's on his game.

The Bishop turned him round about
To see what he might see,
She stuck a claw in every ear,
And thro' the roof did flee.

The cat went through withouten stop,
Like shadow through the day,
But the great Bishop's fleshy form
Made all the roof give way.

The ceiling folded like a book,
The sarking crashed amain, *wood-roofing*
And shreds and flaws of broken stones
Fell to the ground like rain.

The broad full moon was up the sky,
The night was like a day,
When the great Bishop took a jaunt
Up thro' the milky way.

He cried so loud and lustilye
The hills and sky were riven ;
Oh, such brave cries were never heard
Between the earth and Heaven.

They saw him spurring in the air,
And flinging horridlye,
And then he prayed and sung a psalm,
For frightened sore was he.

But still his wailings fainter grew
As the broad Heaven he crossed,
While some say that they heard him
still,
And some said all was lost.

There was a herd on Dollar Law
Turning his flocks by night,
Or stealing in a good haggis
Before the morning light.

He heard the sound come thro' the air,
And saw the twain pass by :
The cat she screwed her tail about
As sorely pinched to fly,

Yet still was thrumming at her song,
Though he was sore in thrall,
As cat that has a jolly mouse
Goes purring through the hall.

The grey cat's song it was so sweet
 As on the night it fell,
 The moor-cock danced a sevensome
 ring
 Around the heather bell.

The founmarts jigged around the pools, *pole-cats*
 The maukin round the kail, *hare*
 And the otter tripped a minuet
 As he walked o'er the dale.

The hurcheons held their bumkin *hedge-hogs*
 dance
 Along the broomy heugh, *hollow*
 And the good tup hog rose from his *ram*
 lair,
 And waltzed with the ewe.

THE GREY CAT'S SONG.

Murr, my Lord Bishop,
 I sing to you,
 Murr, my Lord Bishop,
 Baw-lilli-lu.

That night a herd on border dale
 Chanced at his door to be,
 He saw a great 'clypse of the moon,
 And ben the house ran he. *inside*

He laid a wisp upon the fire,
 And blew full lang and sair, *hard*
 And read the Belfast Almanack,
 But the 'clypse it was not there.

Oh but that hind was sore aghast,
And half to madness driven,
For he thought he heard a drowning man
Sighing amongst the heaven.

That night a great philosopher
Had watched on Etna's height,
To see the rising of the sun
And the beauteous morning light,

And all the lightsome lines of gold
As on the sea they fell,
And watch the fiery flame and smoke
Come smouldering up from hell.

He looked east, the day came on
Upon his jocund path ;
And the broad moon hung in the West,
Her paleness was like death.

And by her sat one little star
When all the rest had gone,
'Twas like a wan and falling gem
In the wide heaven alone.

Then the philosopher grew sad,
And turned his eye away,
For it minded him of the earthly great
In death or in decay.

He turned his face unto the North
The falling tear to dry,

And saw a thing of curious make
Between the earth and sky.

'Twas like a bird without a wing,
Most wondrous to behold,
And bore a forked thing along
With swiftness manifold.

And aye it grew as nigh it drew,
Oh but his heart beat sore ;
The sun, the moon, the stars were gone,
He thought of them no more.

His eyes were dazzled with the sight,
Thick crept his bristling hair,
When he beheld a jolly priest
Come swizzing through the air.

The cat she held him by the lugs *ears*
Above the awesome hole ;
And oh ! the dread that he was in
No mortal man could thole. *bear*

He roared out, " Pussy, hold your gripe,
Hold fast, and do not spare !
Oh ! drop me on the earth or sea,
But do not drop me there ! "

But she was a doure and deadly cat, *surly*
And she said with lightsome air—
" You know heaven is a blessed place,
And all the priests go there."

"Oh sweet, sweet pussy, hold your
gripe,
Spare neither crook nor claw !
Is ever that like heaven above
In which I'm like to fa' ? "

fall

But aye she shook him by the lugs
Attour the dreadful den,
Until her gripe gave slowly way—
Sore was he gasping then.

Above

Down went the Bishop, down like lead
Into the hollow night ;
His gown was flapping in the air
When he was out of sight.

They heard him hoving down the deep
Till the croon it died away,
It was like the stound of ane great
bombee
Swift sounding thro' the day.

*hum,**humble-bee*

All was in slumbering quietness
When he went down to hell,
But such a morn was never seen
When the great Lord Bishop fell.

Then came the din, the fire and smoke
Up rushing violently,
And towered away upright to heaven—
A glorious pile to see.

For aye it rolled its fleecy curls
Out to the rising sun ;

Its eastern side all gilded gold,
The rest a darksome dun.

Sore the philosopher was moved,
And wist not what to say,
For he saw naught of the good grey cat,
But he saw a lady gay.

Her gown was of the grass-green silk,
Her eye was like the dew,
Her hair was like the threads of gold
That round her shoulders flew.

Her garters were the rainbow's hem
That she tied beneath her knee ;
And aye she combed her yellow hair,
And sung full pleasantly.

" I am the queen of the fairy land,
I'll do no harm to thee ;
For I am the guardian of the good ;
Let the wicked beware of me !

" There are seven pearls in yonder
tower,
Their number soon shall wane ;
There are seven flowers in fair Scotland,
I'll pu' them ane by ane.

" And the wee'st bird in a' the bower *smallest, all*
Shall be the last that's taen ; *taken*
The laird of Blain hath seven daughters,
But soon he shall have nane. *none*

"I'll bathe them all in the living stream
Thro' fairy land that flows ;
And I'll seek the bowers of Paradise
For the bonniest flower that grows.

"And I'll distil it in the dew
That falls on the hills of Heaven ;
And the hue that lovely angels wear
Shall to those maids be given.

"And I'll try how comely and how fair
Their forms may be to see,
And I'll try how pure the maidens' mind
In this ill world may be.

"The day may dawn and the darkness
fly,
And truth her wings expand ;
But none shall blame when I am gone
The Queen of the fairyland."

The laird of Blain he walks the wood,
But he walks it all alone ;
The laird of Blain had seven daughters,
But now he hath not one.

They never were on death-bed laid,
But they vanished all away ;
He lost his babies one by one
Between the night and day.

He wist not what to do or say,
Or what did him bescem,

And he wandered through the weary world
Like one that's in a dream.

Yet still his faith was firm and sure,
And his trust in Heaven still ;
He hoped to meet them all again
Beyond the reach of ill.

When seven long years and seven long days
Had slowly come and gone,
He walked out through the good green wood,
But he walked it all alone.

He thought of his lost family,
And he kneeled him down to pray ;
But he was so moved to tenderness
That a word he could not say.

He looked out o'er his left shoulder
To see what he might see ;
There he beheld seven bonny maids
Coming tripping o'er the lea.

Such beauty eye had never seen,
And never again shall see ;
Such lovely forms of flesh and blood
On earth can never be.

The joy that beamed in every eye
Was like the rising sun,
And the whited blossoms of the wood
Beside their forms were dun.

There was a wreath on every head,
On every bosom two ;
And the fairest flowers the world e'er saw
Was nodding o'er the brow.

But cease your strain, my good old harp,
O cease and sing no more !
If you would of that meeting tell,
O ! I might rue it sore.

There would no eye in fair Scotland
Nor rosy cheek be dry,
The laverock would forget her song, *lark*
And drop dead from the sky.

And the daisy would no more be white,
And the lily would change her hue ;
For the blood-drops would fall from the moon,
And redden the morning dew.

But when I tell you out my tale,
Full plainly you will see
That where there is no sin nor shame
No sorrow there can be.

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON

“ Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddisdale !
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on !
The Armstrongs are flying,
The widows are crying,
The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone !

"Lock the door, Lariston! High on the weather-
gleam

See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky!

Yeoman and carbinier,

Bilman and halberdier—

Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry! *raid*

"Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar;

Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey;

Hidley and Howard there,

Wandale and Windermere;

Lock the door, Lariston! hold them at bay!

"Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?

Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye?

Thou bold Border ranger,

Beware of thy danger!

Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh."

Jock Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,

His hand grasp'd the sword with a nervous embrace;

"Ah, welcome, brave foemen!

On earth there are no men

More gallant to meet in the foray or chase.

"Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here;

Little know you of our moss-troopers' might—

Linhope and Sorbie true,

Sundhope and Milburn too;

Gentle in manner, but lions in fight.

"I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn and Netherbie,

Old Sim of Whitram and all his array;

Come all Northumberland,
 Teesdale and Cumberland,
 Here at the Broken tower end shall the fray."

Scowled the broad sun o'er the links *holms*
 of green Liddisdale,
 Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold ;
 Many a bold martial eye,
 Mirror'd that morning sky,
 Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

Shrill was the bugle's note ; dreadful the warrior's
 shout ;
 Lances and halberds in splinters were borne ;
 Helmet and hauberk then
 Braved the claymore in vain,
 Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane—the proud files of the Winder-
 mere !
 Howard ! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day !
 Hear the wide welkin rend,
 While the Scots' shouts ascend—
 " Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye ! "

M'KIMMAN

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever, *bagpipe*
M'Kimman ?

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever ?
Shall the pibroch that welcomed the foe *martial music*
to Ben-Aer

Be hushed when we seek the red wolf
in his lair,

To give back our wrongs to the
giver ?

To the raid and the onslaught our chief-
tains have gone,

Like the course of the fire-flaught their *sheet-lightning*
clansmen pass'd on,

With the lance and the shield 'gainst
the foe they have bound them,

And have taken the field with their
vassals around them.

Then raise the wild slogan-cry, *war-cry*
On to the foray !

Sons of the heather-hill,
pine-wood, and glen ;
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod,
and the Moray,

Till the Lomonds re-echo
the challenge again.

Youth of the daring heart, bright be
thy doom

As the bodings which light up thy
bold spirit now ;

But the fate of M'Kimman is closing
in gloom,
'And the breath of the gray wraith *ghost*
has pass'd o'er his brow.
Victorious in joy thou'lt return to Ben-
Aer,
And be clasp'd to the breasts of thy best
beloved there ;
But M'Kimman, M'Kimman, M'Kim-
man shall never—
O never—never—never—never !

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou
can shun not, M'Kimman ?
Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou
can shun not ?
If thy course must be brief, let the
proud Saxon know
That the soul of M'Kimman ne'er
quail'd when a foe
Bared his blade in the land he had won not.
Where the light-footed roe leaves the
wild breeze behind,
And the red heather-bloom gives its
sweets to the wind—
There our broad pennon flies, and our
keen steeds are prancing
'Mid the startling war-cries and the
bright weapons glancing.
Then raise the wild slogan-cry,
On to the foray !
Sons of the heather-hill,
pine-wood, and glen ;

Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod,
and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo
the challenge again !

DONALD M'DONALD

(Air—"Woo'd and married an' a'."')

My name it is Donald M'Donald,
I leeve in the Heelands sae grand ; *live*
I hae follow'd our banner and will do,
Wherever my Maker has land.
When rankit amang the blue bonnets, *ranked*
Nae danger can fear me ava ; *frighten, at all*
I ken that my brethren around me *know*
Are either to conquer or fa'. *fall*
Brogues an' brochin and a', *Shoes, oat gruel*
Brochin an' brogues an' a' ;
An' is nae her very well aff *she not*
Wi' her brogues an' brochin an' a' ?

What though we befriendit young *Prince Charles*
Charlie ? *Edward*
To tell it I dinna think shame ; *am not ashamed*
Poor lad, he came to us but barely,
An' reckon'd our mountains his
hame. *home*
'Twas true that our reason forbade us,
But tenderness carried the day ;
Had Geordie come friendless amang us, *King George*
Wi' him we had a' gane away. *all gone*

Sword and buckler an' a',
Buckler and sword an' a';
Now for George we'll encounter
the devil
Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'!

An' O, I wad eagerly press him
The keys o' the East to retain;
For should he gie up the possession, *give*
We'll soon hae to force them again.
Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
Though it were my finishing blow,
He ay may depend on M'Donald
Wi' his Heelanders a' in a row;
Knees an' elbows an' a',
Elbows an' knees an' a';
Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
His knees an' elbows an' a'.

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort-William,
Auld Europe nae langer should grane; *Old, groan*
I laugh when I think how we'd gall him
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane; *stone*
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Garny
We'd rattle him off frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairny, *rocky place*
An' sing him—Lochaber no more!
Stanes an' bullets an' a',
Bullets an' stanes an' a';
We'll finish the Corsican callan *fellow*
Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'.

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,
 An' Campbell is steel to the bane, *bone*
 An' Grant, an' Mackenzie, an' Murray,
 An' Cameron will hurkle to nane; *cringe*
 The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal,
 An' sae is M'Leod an' M'Kay;
 An' I, their gudebrither, M'Donald, *brother-in-law*
 Shall ne'er be the last in the fray.
 Brogues an' brochin an' a',
 Brochin an' brogues an' a';
 An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
 The kilt an' the feather an' a'.

BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE

CAM ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg, *kilt*
 Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the
 Garry,
 Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets and
 white cockades
 Leaving their mountains to follow
 Prince Charlie?
 Follow thee! follow thee! wha
 wadna follow thee? *would not*
 Lang hast thou loved and trusted us
 fairly!
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow
 thee,
 King o' the Highland hearts,
 bonny Prince Charlie?

I hae but ae son, my gallant young *have, one*
Donald,
But if I had ten, they should follow
Glengary.
Health to M'Donnel, and gallant Clan-
Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for
their Charlie.
Follow thee ! follow thee ! &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to
them,
Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of
Kildarlie ;
Brave M'Intosh, he shall fly to the field
with them ;
These are the lads I can trust wi' my
Charlie.
Follow thee ! follow thee ! &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down
wi' the Whigamore !
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them
rarely !
Ronald an' Donald, drive on, wi' the
broad claymore,
Over the necks of the foes o' Prince
Charlie !
Follow thee ! follow thee ! &c.

FLORA MACDONALD'S FAREWELL

Far over yon hills of the heather sac
 green,
 An' down by the correi* that sings
 to the sea,
 The bonny young Flora sat sighing her
 lane, *alone*
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear
 in her ee. *eye*
 She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that
 swung
 Away on the wave like a bird of the
 main,
 An' aye as it lessen'd she sigh'd and she
 sung,
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see
 again !
 Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and
 young,
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see
 again !

The muircock that craws on the brows *crows*
 of Ben-Connal,
 He kens of his bed in a sweet mossy *knows*
 hame ;
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of
 Clan-Ronald,
 Unawed and unhunted, his eyry can
 claim ;

* Singular use of word, obviously meaning here "hill-stream."

FLORA MACDONALD'S FAREWELL 249

The solan can sleep on the shelve of
the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of
the sea,
But, ah ! there is one whose hard fate
I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame in his *hall, home*
country has he.
The conflict is past, and our name is
no more ;
There's nought left but sorrow for
Scotland and me !

The target is torn from the arm of the
just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of
the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must
rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger
and slave ;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of
the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the
bonnet of blue.
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of
the cloud
When tyranny revell'd in blood of
the true ?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant
and good !
The crown of thy fathers is torn
from thy brow !

M'LEAN'S WELCOME

COME o'er the stream, Charlie,
 Dear Charlie, brave Charlie ;
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
 And dine with M'Lean ;
 And though you be weary,
 We'll make your heart cheery,
 And welcome our Charlie
 And his loyal train.
 We'll bring down the track deer,
 We'll bring down the black steer,
 The lambs from the braken,
 And doe from the glen.
 The salt sea we'll harry,
 And bring to our Charlie
 The cream from the bothy
 And curd from the pen.

*fern**a farm building**sheep-pen*

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
 Dear Charlie, brave Charlie ;
 Come o'er the sea, Charlie,
 And dine with M'Lean ;
 And you shall drink freely
 The dews of Glen-sheerly,
 That stream in the starlight
 When kings do not ken.
 And deep be your meed
 Of the wine that is red,
 To drink to your sire,
 And his friend the M'Lean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie ;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean ;
If aught will invite you,
Or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen,
All ranged on the heather,
With bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymore,
Three hundred and ten !

THE HILL OF LOCHIEL

Long have I pined for thee,
Land of my infancy,
Now will I kneel on thee,
Hill of Lochiel !
Hill of the sturdy steer,
Hill of the roe and deer,
Hill of the streamlet clear,
I love thee well !

When in my youthful prime,
Correi or crag to climb,
Or tow'ring cliff sublime,
Was my delight ;
Scaling the eagle's nest,
Wounding the raven's breast,
Skimming the mountain's crest,
Gladsome and light.

hollow in hill

Then rose a bolder game,
Young Charlie Stuart came,
Cameron, that loyal name
 Foremost must be ;
Hard then our warrior meed,
Glorious our warrior deed,
Till we were doomed to bleed
 By treachery.

Then did the red blood stream,
Then was the broadsword's gleam
Quench'd, in fair freedom's beam
 No more to shine ;
Then was the morning's brow
Red with the fiery glow,
Fell hall and hamlet low,
 All that were mine.

Far in a hostile land,
Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
Oft has the tear-drop bland
 Scorch'd as it fell.
Once was I spurn'd from thee,
Long have I mourn'd for thee,
Now I'm return'd to thee,
 Hill of Lochiel !

DONALD M'GILLAVRY

DONALD's gane up the hill hard an' *gone*
hungry,
Donald's come down the hill wild an'
angry,
Donald will clear the gouk's nest *cuckoo's*
cleverly ;
Here's to the king an' Donald M'Gill-
avry !
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald *weighing-beam*
M'Gillavry !
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald
M'Gillavry !
Balance them fair, an' balance them
cleverly ;
Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald M'Gill-
avry !

Donald's come o'er the hill trailin' his
tether, man,
As he war wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, *mad, stung, adder*
man ;
When he gaes back, there some will *goes*
look merrily ;
Here's to King James an' Donald
M'Gillavry !
Come like a weaver, Donald M'Gill-
avry !
Come like a weaver, Donald M'Gill-
avry !

Pack on your back an elwand of steelary, *ell-measure, steel*
 Gie them full measure, my Donald
 M'Gillavry !

Donald has foughten wi' reif and *fought, robbery*
 roguery,

Donald has dinnered wi' banes an' *dined, bones*
 beggary ;

Better it war for whigs an' whiggery *were*
 Meeting the deevil than Donald
 M'Gillavry.

Come like a tailor, Donald M'Gillavry !
 Come like a tailor, Donald M'Gillavry !
 Push about, in an' out, thimble them
 cleverly !

Here's to King James an' Donald
 M'Gillavry !

Donald's the callant that bruiks nae *lad, brooks,*
 tangleness, *indecision*

Whigging an' prigging an' a' new- *wheeling, all new*
 fangleness ; *fashions*

They maun be gane, he winna be *must, will not*
 baukit, man ; *bauked*

He maun hae justice, or rarely he'll tak *have*
 it, man.

Come like a cobbler, Donald M'Gil- *shoemaker*
 lavry !

Come like a cobbler, Donald M'Gil-
 lavry !

Bore them, an' yerk them, an' lingel *bind, sew up*
 them cleverly !

Up wi' King James an' Donald
 M'Gillavry !

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and *mocked, sawning*
 mockery,
 Donald was blindit wi' bladds of pro- *lumps*
 perty ;
 Arles ran high, but makings war nae- *Earnest-money, nothing*
 thing, man ;
 Gudeness, how Donald is flyting an' *scolding*
 fretting, man !
 Come like the deevil, Donald M'Gil-
 lavry !
 Come like the deevil, Donald M'Gil-
 lavry !
 Skelp them an' scadd them prued sae *Smack, scald, proved*
 unbritherly !
 Up wi' King James an' Donald
 M'Gillavry !

BAULDY FRAZER

(Air—"Whigs o' Fife.")

My name is Bauldy Frazer, man ;
 I'm puir, an' auld, an' pale, an' wan, *poor, old*
 I brak my shin, an' tint a han', *broke, lost, hand*
 Upon Culloden lea, man ;
 Our Highlan' clans were bauld an' *bold*
 stout,
 An' thought to turn their faes about, *foes*
 But gat that day a desperate rout, *got*
 An' owre the hills did flee, man. *over*

Sic hurly-burly ne'er was seen, *Such*
 Wi' cuffs, an' buffs, an' blindit een,
 While Highlan' swords o' metal keen
 War gleamin' grand to see, man.
 The canons rowtit in our face, *bellowed*
 An' brak our banes an' raive our claes ; *brake, tore, clothes*
 'Twas then we saw our ticklish case,
 Atween the deil and sea, man. *Between*

Sure Charlie an' the brave Lochiel
 Had been that time beside theirsell'
 To plant us in the open fell
 In the artillery's ee, man ; *eye*
 For had we met wi' Cumberland
 By Athol braes or yonder strand, *slopes*
 The bluid o' a' the savage band *blood*
 Had dy'd the German Sea, man.

But down we drappit dadd for dadd, *dropped, blow*
 I thought it should hae put me mad
 To see sae mony a Highlan' lad
 Lie bluthrin' on the brae, man. *disfigured, slope*
 I thought we ance had won the fray, *once*
 We smasht ae wing till it gae way, *one gave*
 But the other side had lost the day,
 An' skelpit fast awa, man. *pounded*

When Charlie wi' Macpherson met,
 Like Hay he thought him back to get ;
 "We'll turn," quo' he, "an' try them
 yet,
 We'll conquer or we'll dee, man."

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME 257

But Donald shumpit o'er the purn, *jumped, brook*
 An' sware an aith she wadna turn, *oath, would not*
 Or sure she wad hae cause to mourn ;
 Then fast awa did flee, man. ,

O ! had you seen that hunt o' death !
 We ran until we tint our breath, *lost*
 Ay lookin' back for fear o' skaith, *harm*
 Wi' hopeless, shinin' ee, man.
 But Britain ever may deplore
 That day upon Drumossie moor,
 Whar thousands ta'en war drench'd in *taken*
 gore,
 Or hang'd outower a tree, man. *across*

O Cumberland, what mean'd ye then
 To ravage ilka Highlan' glen ? *every*
 Our crime was truth an' love to ane, *one*
 We had nae spite at thee, man.
 An' you an' yours may yet be glad
 To trust the honest Highland lad ;
 The bonnet blue and belted plaid
 Will stand the last o' three, man.

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

Air—"Shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't."

COME all ye jolly shepherds
 That whistle through the glen,
 I'll tell ye of a secret
 That courtiers dinna ken : *do not know*

What is the greatest bliss

That the tongue o' man can name?

'Tis to woo a bonny lassie

When the kye comes hame.

crows

When the kye comes hame,

When the kye comes hame,

'Tween the gloaming and the *twilight,*
mirk,

dark

When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,

Nor canopy of state,

'Tis not on couch of velvet,

Nor arbour of the great—

'Tis beneath the spreading birk,

birch

In the glen without the name,

Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie

When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, &c.

There the blackbird bigs his nest

builds

For the mate he loes to see,

loves

And on the topmost bough,

O, a happy bird is he;

Where he pours his melting ditty,

And love is a' the theme,

all

And he'll woo his bonny lassie

When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the blewart bears a pearl,

blue-bottle

And the daisy turns a pea,

And the bonny lucken gowan

cabbage-daisy

Has fauldit up her ee,

folded, eye

Then the laverock frae the blue lift *lark, sky*
 Drops down, and thinks nae shame
 To woo his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, &c.

See yonder pawkie shepherd *sly*
 That lingers on the hill,
 His ewes are in the fauld, *fold*
 An' his lambs are lying still ;
 Yet he downa gang to bed, *dare not go*
 For his heart is in a flame,
 To meet his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the little wee bit heart
 Rises high in the breast,
 An' the little wee bit starn *star*
 Rises red in the east,
 O there's a joy sae dear
 That the heart can hardly frame,
 Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, &c.

Then since all nature joins
 In this love without alloy,
 O, wha wad prove a traitor
 To Nature's dearest joy ?
 Or wha wad choose a crown,

Wi' its perils and its fame,
 And miss his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame?
 When the kye comes hame, &c.

THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!
 Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and mountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
 Then, when the gloaming comes, *twilight*
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!

THE MINSTREL BOY

THE Minstrel Boy to the glen is gone,
In its deepest dells you'll find him,
Where echoes sing to his music's tone,
And fairies listen behind him.
He sings of nature all in her prime,
Of sweets that around him hover,
Of mountain heath and moorland thyme,
And trifles that tell the lover.

How wildly sweet is the minstrel's lay
Through cliffs and wild woods ringing,
For, ah ! there is love to beacon his way,
And hope in the song he's singing.
The bard may indite, and the minstrel sing,
And maidens may chorus it rarely ;
But unless there be love in the heart within,
The ditty will charm but sparely.

THE LAST CRADLE SONG

Air—"My love's shoulders are broad and square."

BAWLOO, my bonnie baby, bawllillilu,
Light be thy care and cumber ;
Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawllillilu,
O sweet be thy sinless slumber !
Ere thou wert born my youthful heart
Yearned o'er my babe with sorrow ;
Long is the night-noon that we must part,
But bright shall arise the morrow.

Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawllillilū,
 Here no more shall I see thee ;
 Bawloo, my bonnie baby, bawllillilū,
 O sair is my heart to lea' thee. *sore, leave*
 But far within that sky so blue,
 In love that fail shall never,
 In valley beyond the land of the dew
 I'll sing to my baby for ever.

COME ROWE THE BOAT

COME rowe the boat, rowe the boat,
 Ply to the pibroch's note, *bagpipe-music*
 Steer for yon lonely cot
 O'er the wild main ;
 For there waits my dearie,
 Both lonesome and eerie,
 And sorely she'll weary *long*
 To hear our bold strain.

Then rowe for her lover,
 And play, boys, to move her ;
 The tide-stream is over,
 And mild blows the gale.
 I see her a-roaming
 Like swan in the gloaming *twilight*
 Or angel a-coming
 Her Ronald to hail.

The deer of Ben-Aitley
 Is comely and stately,
 As tall and sedately
 She looks o'er the dale ;

The sea-bird rides sprightly
O'er billows so lightly,
Or boldly and brightly
Floats high on the gale.

But O ! my dear Mary,
What heart can compare thee
With aught in the valley,
The mountain or tide ?
All nature looks dreary
When thou art not near me,
But lovely and dearly
When thou'rt by my side.

LOVE IS LIKE A DIZZINESS

Air—"Paddy's Wedding."

I LATELY lived in quiet case,
An' never wish'd to marry, O ;
But when I saw my Peggy's face,
I felt a sad quandary, O.
Though wild as ony Athol deer, *any*
She has trepanned me fairly, O ;
Her cherry cheeks an' een sae clear *eyes*
Torment me late an' early, O.
O, love, love, love !
Love is like a dizziness ;
It winna let a poor body *will not*
Gang about his business. *go*
To tell my feats this single week
Wad make a daft-like diary, O ; *mad*

I drave my cart out ow'r a dike, *over, wall*
 My horses in a miry, O. *bog*
 I wear my stockings white an' blue,
 My love's sae fierce an' fiery, O ;
 I drill the land that I should plough,
 And plough the drills entirely, O.
 O, love, love, love ! &c.

Ae morning, by the dawn o' day, *One*
 I raise to theek the stable, O ; *rose, thatch*
 I keust my coat, an' plied away, *cast*
 As fast as I was able, O.
 I wrought that morning out an' out,
 As I'd been redding fire, O ; *clearing, or putting*
 When I had done an' look'd about, *out*
 Gudfaith, it was the byre, O. *cow-house*
 O, love, love, love ! &c.

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget,
 The dear, the lovely blinkin' o't *of it*
 Has pierced me through an' through
 the heart,
 An' plagues me wi' the prinkling o't. *pricking*
 I tried to sing, I tried to pray,
 I tried to drown't wi' drinkin' o't,
 I tried wi' sport to drive't away,
 But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.
 O, love, love, love ! &c.

Were Peggie's love to hire the job,
 An' save my heart frae breaking, O ;
 I'd put a girdle round the globe,
 Or dive in Corryvreckin, O ;

Or howk a grave at midnight dark *dig*
 In yonder vault sae eerie, O ;
 Or gang an' spier for Mungo Park, *go, seek*
 Through Africa sae dreary, O.
 O, love, love, love ! &c.

Nae man can tell what pains I prove,
 Or how severe my pliskie, O ; *plight*
 I swear I'm saier drunk wi' love *drunker*
 Than ever I was wi' whisky, O.
 For love has raked me fore an' aft,
 I scarce can lift a leggie, O ;
 I first grew dizzy, then gaed daft, *went mad*
 An' soon I'll dee for Peggie, O. *die*
 O, love, love, love ! &c.

I'LL NO WAKE WI' ANNIE

O, MOTHER, tell the laird o't, *squire, of it*
 Or sairly it will grieve me, O, *sorely*
 That I'm to wake the ewes the night, *watch, to-night*
 And Annie's to gang wi' me, O. *go with*
 I'll wake the ewes my night about, *in turn*
 But ne'er wi' ane sae saucy, O, *one so*
 Nor sit my lane the lee-lang night *alone, livelong*
 Wi' sic a scornfu' lassie, O. *such*

I'll no wake, I'll no wake,
 I'll no wake wi' Annie, O ;
 Nor sit my lane o'er night wi'
 ane
 Sae thraward and uncanny, *perverse, queer*
 O.

Dear son, be wise and warie,
 But never be unmanly, O ;
 I've heard ye tell another tale
 Of young an' charming Annie, O.
 The ewes ye wake are fair enough,
 Upon the brae sae bonny, O ; *slope*
 But the laird himsell wad gie them a' *would give, all*
 To wake the night wi' Annie, O.
 He'll no wake, he'll no wake,
 &c.

I tauld ye ear', I tauld ye late, *told, early*
 That lassie wad trepan ye, O ;
 An' ilka word ye boud to say *every, should*
 When left alane wi' Annie, O. *alone*
 Take my advice this night for aince, *once*
 Or beauty's tongue will ban ye, O. *damn*
 An' sey your leal auld mother's skill *essay, true old*
 Ayont the muir wi' Annie, O. *Beyond, moor*
 He'll no wake, he'll no wake,
 &c.

The night it was a simmer night, *summer*
 An' oh ! the glen was lonely, O,
 For just ae sternie's gowden ee *one star's golden eye*
 Peep'd o'er the hill serenely, O.
 The twa are in the flow'ry heath *pair*
 Ayont the muir sae flowy, O.
 An' but ae plaid between them baith *one, both*
 An' wasna that right dowie, O ? *sad*
 He maun wake, he maun wake, *must*
 He maun wake wi' Annie,
 O,

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An' sit his lane o'er night wi'
ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny,
O.

Neist morning at his mother's knee *Next*
He blest her love unfeign'dly, O ;
An' aye the tear fell frae his ee, *from*
An' aye he clasped her kindly, O.
"Of a' my griefs I've got amends
In yon wild glen sae grassy, O ;
A woman only woman kens— *knows*
Your skill has won my lassie, O.
I'll aye wake I'll aye wake,
I'll aye wake wi' Annie, O,
An' sit my lane ilk night wi' *every*
ane
Sae sweet, sae kind, an'
canny, O!" *safe*

THE AULD MAN'S FAREWHEEL TO
HIS WEE HOUSE

I LIKE ye weel, my wee auld house, *well, little, old*
Though laigh the wa's an' flat the *low, walls,*
riggin', *roof-ridge*
Though round thy lum the sourick *chimney, sorrel*
grows,
An' rain-draps gaw my cozie biggin'. *fret, building*

Lang hast thou happit mine an' me, *covered*
 My head's grown grey aneath thy *beneath*
 kipple, *rafter*
 An' aye thy ingle cheek was free *chimney-corner*
 Baith to the blind man an' the cripple.

An' to the puir forsaken wight
 Wi' bairnie at her bosom cryin' *child*
 My cot was open day an' night,
 Nor wantid bed for sic to lie on. *suck*

What gart my ewes thrive on the hill, *made*
 An' kept my little store increasin' ?
 The rich man never wished me ill,
 The puir man left me aye his blessin'.

Troth, I maun greet wi' thee to part, *must, weep*
 Though to a better house I'm flittin' ; *removing*
 Sic joys will never glad my heart
 As I've had at thy hallan sittin'. *inner wall or parti-*
tion

My bonnie bairns around me smiled,
 My sonsie wife sat by me spinnin', *comely*
 Aye liltin' ower her ditties wild, *singing over*
 In notes sae artless an' sae winnin'.

Our frugal meal was aye a feast,
 Our e'ening psalm a hymn of joy ;
 Aye calm an' peacefu' was our rest,
 Our bliss, our love without alloy.

I canna help but haud thee dear, *hold*

My auld, storm-battered hamely
sheilin', *hut*

Thy sooty lum an' kipples clear
I better lo'e than gaudy ceilin'. *love*

Thy roof will fa', thy rafters start, *fall*
How damp an' cauld thy hearth will
be !

Ah ! sae will soon ilk honest heart *every*
That erst was blithe an' bauld in thee. *bold*

I thought to cower aneath they wa'
Till death had closed my weary een, *eyes*
Then left thee for the narrow ha' *hall*
Wi' lowly roof o' swaird sae green. *sward*

Fareweel my house an' burnie clear, *brook*
My bourtree bush an' bowzy tree ! *elder, bushy*
The wee while I maun sojourn here *must*
I'll never find a hame like thee !

I HAE NAEBODY NOW

I HAE naebody now, I hae naebody now *nobody*
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep blue een ; *eyes*
Wi' the raptured kiss an' the happy
smile,

An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale of news the while
That had happen'd when I was away.

I hae naebody now, I hae naebody now
 To clasp to my bosom at even,
 O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
 An' pray for a blessing from heaven.
 An' the wild embrace an' the gleesome
 face

In the morning that met my eye,
 Where are they now, where are they
 now?

In the cauld, cauld grave they lie. *cold*

There's naebody kens, there's naebody
 kens,

An' O ! may they never prove
 That sharpest degree o' agony
 For the child o' their earthly love—
 To see a child in its vernal hour
 By slow degrees decay,
 Then calmly aneath the hand o' death *beneath*
 Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break, my poor auld heart, *do not, old*
 Nor at thy loss repine,
 For the unseen hand that threw the
 dart

Was sent frae her Father and thine ;
 Yet I maun mourn, and I *will* mourn,
 Even till my latest day,
 For though my darling can never re-
 turn,
 I can follow the sooner away.

THE VILLAGE OF BALMAQUHAPPLE

Air—"The Soger Laddie."

D'YE ken the big village of Balmaqu- *know*
 happle,
 The great muckle village of Balmaqu- *large*
 happle ?
 'Tis steep'd in iniquity up to the
 thrapple, *throat*
 An' what's to become of poor Balmaqu-
 happle ?
 Fling a' aff your bannets, an' kneel for *all off*
 your life, fo'ks,
 And pray to St. Andrew, the god o'
 the Fife fo'ks;
 Gar a' the hills yout wi' sheer vocifera- *Make, roar*
 tion,
 And thus you may cry on sic needfu' *such*
 occasion ;

"O, blessed Saint Andrew, if e'er ye
 could pity fo'k,
 Men fo'k or women fo'k, country or
 city fo'k,
 Come for this aince wi' the auld thief *once, old*
 to grapple,
 An' save the great village of Balmaqu-
 happle
 Frae drinking an' leeing, an' flyting an' *lying, scolding*
 swearing,

An' sins that ye wad be affrontit at
hearing,
An' cheating an' stealing ; O, grant
them redemption,
All save and except the few after to
mention :

"There's Johnny the elder, wha hopes
ne'er to need ye,
Sae pawkie, sae holy, sae gruff, an' sae *sly*
greedy ;
Wha prays every hour as the wayfarer
passes,
But aye at a hole where he watches the
lasses ;
He's cheated a thousand, an' e'en to this
day yet
Can cheat a young lass, or they're leears *liars*
that say it,
Then gie him his gate ; he's sae slee an' *let him go, sly*
sae civil,
Perhaps in the end he may wheedle the
devil.

"There's Cappie the cobbler, an' *shoemaker*
Tammie the tinman,
An' Dickie the brewer, an' Peter the
skinman,
An' Geordie our deacon, for want of a
better,
An' Bess, wha delights in the sins that
beset her.

THE VILLAGE OF BALMAQUHAPPLE 273

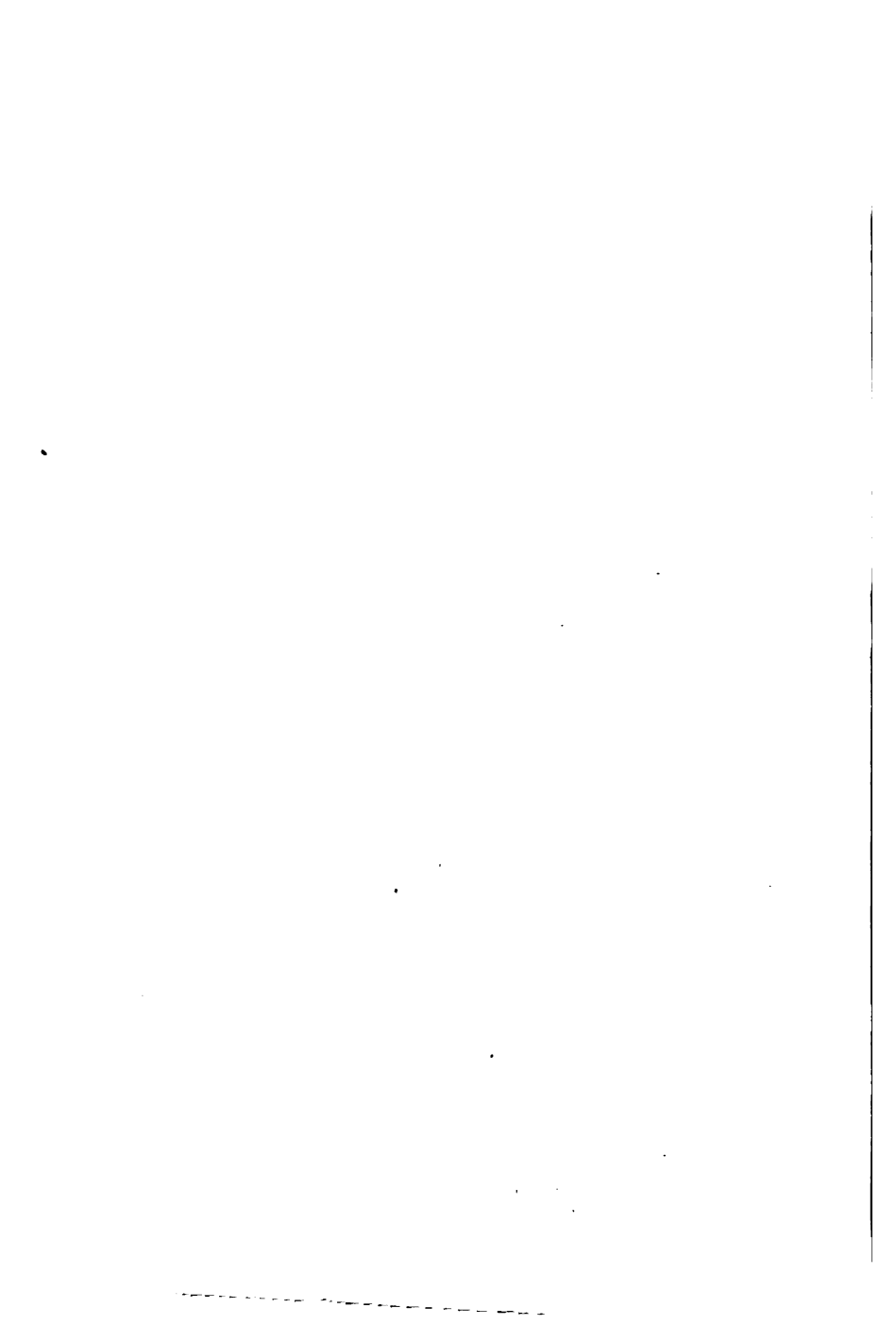
O, worthy Saint Andrew, we canna *cannot*
compel ye.

But ye ken as weel as a body can tell ye,
If these gang to heaven, we'll a' be sae *go*
shockit

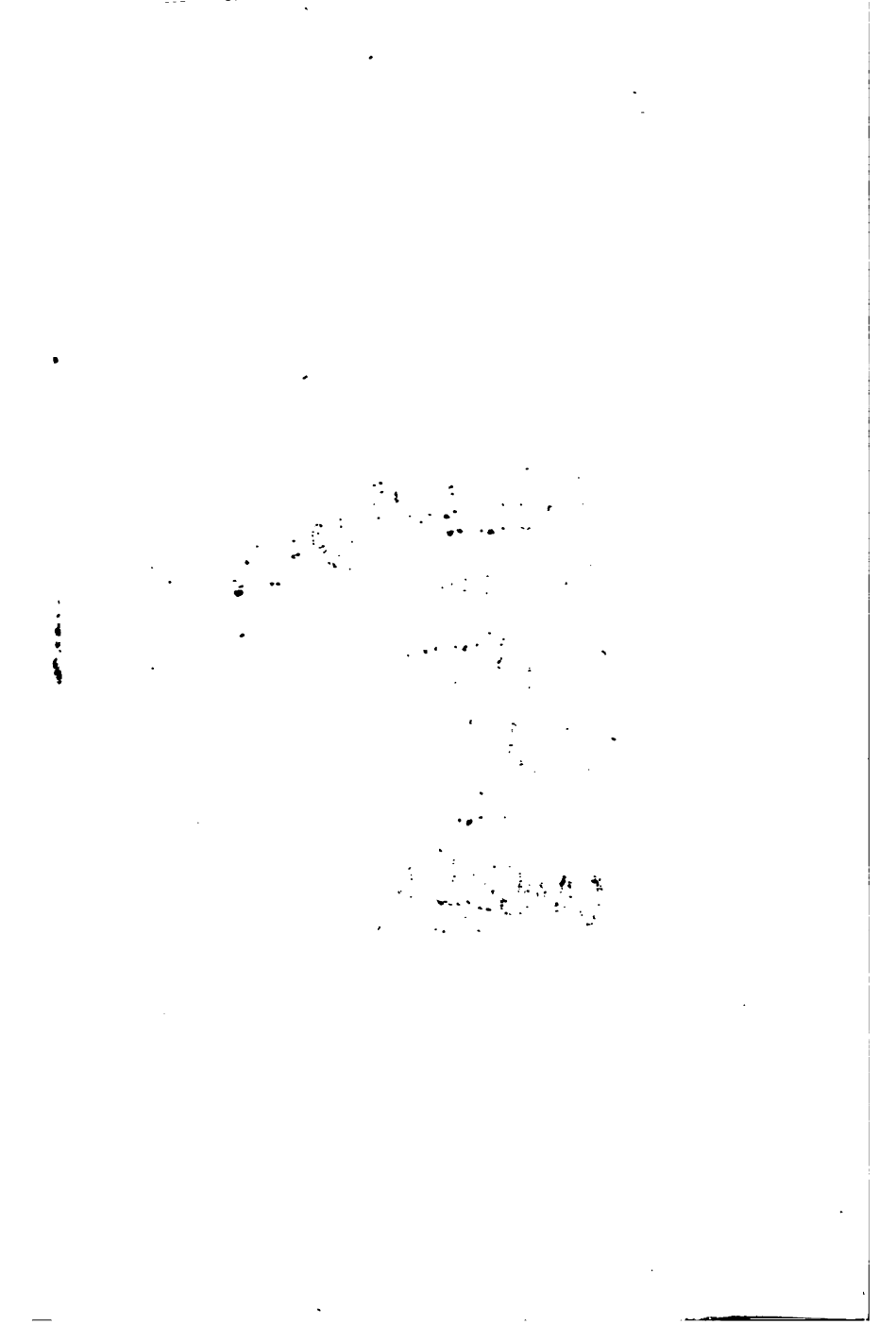
Your garret o' blue will but thinly be
stockit.

“But for a' the rest, for the women's
sake, save them,
Their bodies at least, an' their sauls, if *souls*
they have them;
But it puzzles Jock Lesly, an' sma' it *small*
avails,
If they dwell in their stamocks, their
heads, or their tails,
An' save, without word of confession
auricular,
The clerk's bonny daughters an' Bell
in particular;
For ye ken that their beauty's the pride
an' the staple
Of the great wicked village of Balma-
quhapple.”

THE END



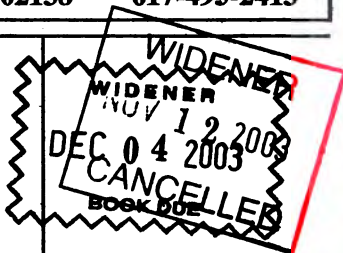




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